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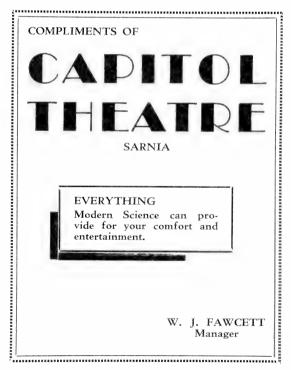
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# The COLLEGIATE

1940

# 27<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL EDITION



Published in the Interests of the Students of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School



OUR MOTTO: Sic Itur Ad Astra
OUR COLORS: Blue and White









Sarnia Collegiale Institute and Jechnical School





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# FOREWORD

# "In The Long Run"



N inspiration for a Foreword is hard to come by, in these days of anxiety and stress, but there is one fact we simply must bear in mind if we are to keep events in their true perspective — Time is on the side of Right.

History should teach us this truth, just as Mathematics and Science should teach us respect for honesty and accuracy. Expediency may seem to have the advantage for the moment — just as Hitler seems to have won spectacular successes with his policy of force and deceit — but Principle wins out in the long run — just as the Allies, strong in the justice of their cause, will ultimately triumph over this

same Hitler and all he stands for.

This great universal truth applies no less to more homely matters. How foolish some of our politicians appear who forget it and say one day the thing they have to take back a few days later — all because they have traded principle for expediency.

Coming down to our own more humble circumstances, how foolish the student who lets slip his own convictions as to right and wrong in order to gain a temporary advantage! In the long run, he's a bad loser, for only sincerity and honesty pay dividends. If we keep this truth in mind, and act accordingly, we have little to fear.

F. C. Asbury



M. F. Brush

To whom we respectfully dedicate this issue of the "Collegiate" in appreciation of his continued and untiring help in the activities of the School



Marjorie Allingham, Mr. Asbury, Murray Phibbs

# SCHOLARSHIP OF INNERS

AST Summer, following their usual custom, Sarnia Collegiate students were right on top when the scholarship winners were announced.

For his excellent marks in the Upper School Examinations of June, 1939, Murray Phibbs was awarded a scholarship entitling him to two years free tuition at the University of Western Ontario. This scholarship is valued at \$300.

Also on the results of the 1939 Upper School Examinations, Marjorie Allingham was successful in winning the First Carter Scholarship for Lambton County, valued at \$100. Marjorie is at present continuing her studies at London Normal School. We know she will be an excellent teacher.

For superior standing in third and fourth forms, Ruth Johnston was awarded the D. M. Grant Scholarship, a cash award of \$50. This is awarded annually by the Board of Education.

Each year, the Honourable Alexander Vidal Chapter of the I. O. D. E. presents a prize to the student having the highest marks in Canadian History. The honour student last year was Olga Petro.

Greg. Cocks was awarded a Leonard Scholarship to Ridley College, for general proficiency.

We congratulate these students on their ability, and we wish them every success in the future.

# Staff of the S. C. I. & T. S.

1939 - 1940

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# In Memoriam



W. J. BATTEN - May 17, 1939

Mr. Batten was the secretary of the Board of Education from 1919 to 1932. He then became a member of the Board from 1933 to 1939, and was the Chairman in 1936. In addition to his work there, he will always be remembered gratefully for his help in connection with the publication of the "Collegiate" each year.



CARL MACCIO - July 1, 1939

Carl was a student in form 1.3 of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School. An unassuming nature hid his enterprising and business-like qualities. He was a member of Pressy's Boys Band and his steadying influence is greatly missed there.



NORMAN J. WILSON - November 9, 1939

Mr. Wilson was the principal of London Road Public School. He was both teacher and friend to the hundreds of students who passed through his school, and his loss is felt keenly there. He will also be missed in sports circles, for he was an enthusiastic supporter of the various sports in our city.

#### THE COLLEGIATE



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JACK G. RAMSDEN Business Manager



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Front Row—R. Glenn, J. Walker, J. Forbes, S. Jenkyn, T. Galpin, D. Allingham, B. Whitely, L. Dauphinee, J. Bell, B. Lucas.

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DRAMA	Betty Lucas
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#### TYPISTS

K. Heslop, D. Kremer, M. Donald, E. Davidson, H. Smith, M. Baker, N. Johnston, W. Willock



#### EDITOR'S CONVENTION

N Saturday, February 3rd, 1940, the first annual Toronto Secondary School Editor's Convention was held at University College, Toronto, Ontario. Among the seventy-five representatives attending were two Sarnia delegates with Sarnia and Ottawa being the most distant centres represented.

To a person with any foresight it is the beginning of a massive scale movement which will reach a grand climax sometime within the next seven years via a Dominion-wide convention of school editors at some central point. The only danger is the fact that in nursing such an idea from infancy to manhood the ambitious executive might move too fast, for this task is indeed a momentous undertaking.

First of all let us try to understand what is back of all this and why the convention was so eagerly anticipated and attended. When an editorial board lays plans for a new school magazine the most predominant thought in each editor's mind is "What can we do that is different? What can we do to improve on last year's magazine?" Magazines from other schools are dragged forth and poured over with a critical eye. "My aren't their snapshots good," or "That is a smart idea" become two very familiar sentences in an editor's Then arises the question, "Why vocabulary. can't we do something like that. I wonder how they got those candid camera shots to come out so clear. If we only knew." If we only knew! There is a sentence that the foundation being laid from the results of this first editor's convention intend to rectify. It is the aim of a board of directors, to be elected, with as much representation as possible, to let you know; to give you directions as to how such and such a picture was taken, how such and such an idea was carried out and in this fashion, a larger field for development of ideas will be opened to future editors.

At present writing the association has not as yet been formed but a meeting is in the offing. With its elections school magazines will be put on more or less of a union basis. The unity will be centred along three main points, i.e., 1, a central contact for the placing of ads by large firms who wish to advertise in as many school magazines as possible but can't afford the time to notify every magazine. 2. The charging of uniform rates for advertising. While it is generally recognized that advertisements placed in magazines are listed as charity advertisements nevertheless school magazines couldn't be published without their aid. In an effort to repay in some possible way the kind "donations" of distant firms a scheme is under way to centralize prices of ads. At the convention it was pointed out the Hermes, the Humberside Collegiate annual, receives \$40 for its back page whereas our own Collegiate magazine receives only \$25. Some objection was raised to the fact but in all fairness the difference in circulation must be taken into account. The Hermes boasts of a circulation of 2,500, the Sarnia Collegiate a "measly" 1,300. While we are in accord that not as much should be charged for advertising space in a magazine of 1,300, as is paid for one of 2,500 circulation, neverthless,

we of the Sarnia board feel that more money should be forthcoming than is at present being received. What does it all point to? A sliding scale. Run the prices of your advertisements in a ratio to your circulation, the rates to be decided by the central executive. Then instead of robbing the hand that feeds, you will be doing good for good. 3. The executive will act as a general source of knowledge the meaning of which has already been expained.

The above facts are only a smattering of what

is in store for collegiate magazines provided they support the organization to the best of their ability. It is the honest conviction of the editorial board of the 1940 publication of Collegiate that a Sarnia representative should attend the annual editors' convention each year. Furthermore that the principal and teaching staff not only of our school but of schools throughout Ontario cooperate to the nth degree. Forget not that in unity there is strength but a house divided against itself shall fall.

#### WITH COURAGE IN OUR HEARTS

CANADA is at war. The word came to us after long days of waiting, hoping, praying and fearing. At first we experienced almost a sense of relief, for in our hearts, no matter how we attempted to beguile ourselves, we were convinced that at some future date we should have to meet the challenge of brute force.

The day has come. We are not a warlike people. We have no love for force. However, we do cherish and will defend our liberty and that of our fellow-man. We have taken the sword in the hope that somehow, out of this chaotic turmoil and tragic necessity, we may find a place where people who believe in righteousness and integrity, in honour, and decency, and fair play can find some firm foundation for the dealings between nations.

Unless we find such a place, this world perishes. This is the last stand of democracy. Either government of, by, and for the people survives or one man's mad caprice can enslave us all. When our birthright is sold it little matters who is the purchaser, Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini or what you will.

All peace efforts and appeals have failed. Hence we take up the sword reluctantly but firmly. This man who has ruthlessly appealed to the sword must perish by the sword. We are not at war against the German people, but against a government gone mad, against a leadership apostate to all those things that are the basis of our civilization.

There are still realities which we hold dearer than comfort, dearer than safety, even dearer than life itself.

"We believe that only an increased faith, in God, in King and in Empire can make the world safe for freedom, or freedom safe for the world."

No one has urged or coerced us. It is our own free wish that we move forward into the conflict. The war is now a grim reality.

Probably the first thought of everyone has been "What can I do?" We are ready, eager. Our people from sea to sea yearn to serve their country without hope of favour or reward.

Already thousands have volunteered for active service. We remember vividly the price paid by our soldiers in the last war. We need only think of Flander's fields, or recall Ypres, the Somme, Passchendaele, Mons, Verdun and glorious Vimy Ridge. Oh was that not a glorious victory! We live again those vibrant moments in the sullen rain — moments that were centuries of anxious waiting. Then came dawn and the zero hour. That dazzling dawn exploded out of the night — a murderous red dawn — that seemed to rip the universe asunder.

The aftermath witnessed a mangled profusion that had once been the flower of Canada's manhood. God alone knows the awful price we paid for that triumphant dawn. Only He can ever know the extent of the unspoiled youth, untried genius, and unused leadership which were squandered so fruitlessly. It was an intolerable price to pay for any transient triumph — a price which we may again be called upon to pay. Our youth are aware of this and still they do not hesitate nor falter.

Surely the least we can do is to carry on our daily tasks, perhaps made a little more difficult and exacting because of war conditions, without complaining and with high heart. He must help to keep the wheels moving smoothly and permit no hint of discouragement to enter our hearts. We too are doing our part in maintaing that morale that in the end may mean the difference between

#### THE COLLEGIATE

victory and defeat. Remember-"They also serve soberly, calmly, confidently believing in the who only stand and wait."

"So we go forth to war, not in selfishness or vainglory, not in arrogance or passion. We go

righteousness of our cause and sure of the integrity in our hearts"-Rutledge.

#### THEY ALSO SERVE

When we came back to school last September, our return was different from that of other There was an undercurrent of seriousness and thoughtfulness that we had never felt before; there were fewer boys in the back seats War had just been deof the higher forms. clared, and we were not quite sure what that meant

I think some of us felt then that school was not terribly important, that we ought to be doing something of a more positive nature than just coming back to school once again. We knew that the world was facing important issues, and we wanted a part in settling them. We wanted to do things - big things, like flying aeroplanes, or sailing the high seas, or nursing soldiers with shells shrieking around us. What dreams we had then, and how big were our plans!

Only a few months have elapsed since then, but I think that already we have begun to feel differently. We have learned something. realize now, as we did not before, that the best thing we can do is t ostay right here at school. It may not be exciting, it may even be dull compared with those dreams of last September, but that is what we must do. There are enough people without us to fight or nurse or drive ambulances, and as long as that is the case it is up to us to get as much education as possible before we, too, are needed. After the war Canada will still need young people, and we must not fail her when that need arises.

Therefore, let us stick at it here at school, living and learning as best we can. Then, when we are needed to do something, whether it is in peace or in war, we will be ready.



#### PRIZE WINNERS

This year, departing from custom, the editorial board obtained the kind services of three learned judges thus relieving the editors of the rather touchy task of choosing the prize-winning efforts in the "Literature," "Poetry," and "Science" sections.

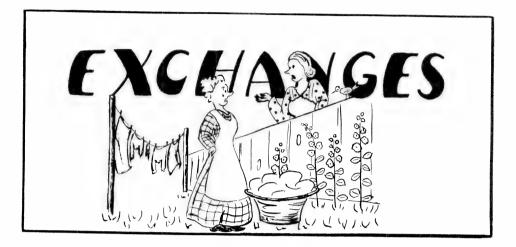
Cover Design— J. Church.

POETRY— R. Mellon, C-3.

STORY-R. Wilson, IV C.

SCIENCE ARTICLE—E. Banks, IVC S. Crawford T-4.





EDITOR-LORNA DAUPHINEE

Confucius say: "Schools who do not exchange miss much." How true, dear readers, for many happy hours were spent reading and commenting on the various issues from schools throughout the Dominion. The magazines we received were all highly entertaining and contained a wealth of information. Each one increased slightly more our knowledge of school activities, and we wish to thank all the editors who sent them.

Westward Ho - Toronto

Good action shots in the photo section and some cleverly written short articles.

KELVIN COLLEGIATE — WINNIPEG Snappy cover and fine literary section.

cellent pictures — especially in the sports section. The picture of the school is outstanding.

THE HELLO — BRANTFORD

Cadet pictures very interesting. Many good articles in a well-worth mentioning literary section.

Hermes — Humberside — Toronto

Appropriate cover. Some good cartoons and photos. The headings for the various sections are excellent.

Acta Collegi — Chatham

We like your "Form News" section. The literary items are good and the magazine is well illustrated.

Von Lycei — Ottawa

Magazine carefully and neatly arranged. Some good bits in the "Personal and Humerous." Fine student photos.

THE ALIBI — BELLEVILLE

A very original cover and our compliments to its designer. The contents are most interesting and the magazine is neat and compact.

Northland Echo — North Bay

Plenty of excellent pictures and headings. Magazine represents much careful preparation and thought.

OAKWOOD ORACLE — TORONTO

Humour section most entertaining. The prize poem is excellent and the sports section centainly is complete.

THE COLLEGE TIMES — TORONTO

A splendid issue with plenty of interesting reading material. Your candid camera shots are good — we suggest a few more.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL — LENNOXVILLE

The notes on the members of the various forms is original and most interesting. Your magazine is a good size and quite compact.

Collegian — Stratford

An amusing but far too small joke section. The "Brod Nooz Castor" is good and the poems show much talent on the part of their authors.

The Acadia Athenaeum — Wolfville, N.S.

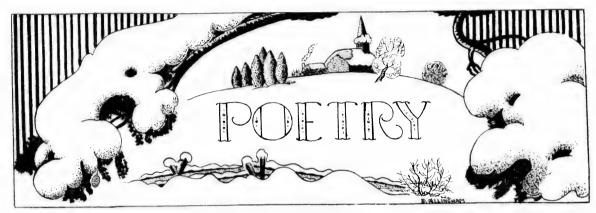
We enjoyed reading your papers. Such editions much keep the students well informed of school activities.

Acatec — Western Canada

Section headings best we've seen. The form pictures are good and there is plenty of interesting reading material. The pages on sororities were new to us.

VANTEC — VANCOUVER .

A colourful cover and many new ideas inside it. Reading material is excellent and the Exchange section is the largest and best we've seen.



Editor—J. Walker

#### WINTER DELIGHTS

(Sarnia, Jan. 1940)

Winter time with ice and snow, Chilly winds that bluster and blow, Short, dull days with not much sun, But long enough for snow-ball fun!

Wintertime with snow piled high, Creeks all froze and ditches dry, But, oh the joy of the boy and girl As over the ice they gaily whirl!

Wintertime with roads all icy, Noses red, and air so spicy, But, oh let's plan a tally-ho gay— A team, a man, a big flat sleigh!

Wintertime with temperature down, Silly boys with uncovered crown, Ear muffs, overcoats, scarves, so bright, Ski-suits, parkas — a colourful sight!

Wintertime, hockey rinks here and there, Children laughing, free from all care, Wintertime! Christmas! Mistletoe, Holly! Oh, it's a season delightfully jolly! RUTH MELLON, C-3.

To Miss Isobel Ballentine, Port Huron Senior High teacher, goes the honour of being our only lady international judge. Miss Ballentine comments:

"After very serious consideration, I've chosen Winter Delights as the best of the poems you sent me. Here, I find, besides crisp vitality and humor, several expressions such as: "Silly boys with uncovered crown," "ear-muffs," "ski-suits," "parkas," which give the poem the distinctive flavor of the Western world — of Sarnia today — with-

out losing any of the universal appeal which a poem must have.

Because of its unusual warmth and sincerity, I've finally decided on A Toast to Our Graduates as my second choice, although the facile melodiousness of The Snow gave me decided pause in my decision.

Please congratulate these people for me; each of them shows fine literary promise and I hope it will be abundantly fulfilled."

# A TOAST TO OUR GRADUATES

Though you are far away, Your spirits linger yet, They haunt these ivied halls. Unwilling to forget The pleasant hours spent Among old friends so dear, The laughter, joys and hopes, That marked each flying year. We drink a toast to you, Old chums of school days past, Our faith and pride in you. Will ever be steadfast. Thro' happiness and sorrow, Whatever life may bring, The Spirit of the White and Blue, Within your soul shall sing.

J. Browne, 5-A.

## **SUMMER-TIME**

Summer-time's a time for joy, Fun for every girl and boy; Biking, tennis, swimming gay. Something happening every day.

Summer-time, and picnics too, No-one ever feeling blue; Happy months so chucked with fun, We're all sad when summer's done.

Summer-time, then comes its end, And back to school we trudge again; But cannot learn our daily rhyme, For memories of old summer-time.

BETTY SCARROW, V. 2-C.

## THE SNOW

The snow is falling all around, On tree and bush and on the ground; The world is like a fairy land, Created by an unseen hand.

The children frolic to and fro, And in and out and round they go; They laugh and play through all the day And are so very, very gay.

The snow has laid a blanket down, All pure and white a feathery gown; The trees are draped in white array, Oh, what a beautiful winter's day!

All Nature seems so bright and fair, With sparkling snow, just everywhere; With icicles glittering all around, It's peaceful here, with not a sound.

Now all is silent, snowy, still — How could man destroy and kill — With living beauty all around, On tree and bush and on the ground?

Doreen Carter, V-2A.

## SAGA OF HEPZEBIAH

Won't you please allow me To tell you a little tale One that's been oft repeated From Eton School to Yale. It's about a wild student And a rickety old Ford car Which wasn't named Tin Lizzie As Ford cars usually are. Sam Stout, the wild student Loved speed as much as you, And so he wished a motor car But any kind would do. One day the city dump he past And then and there he spied her, A ford car, vintage '29, With the tires piled up beside her. He hauled her home to his garage And with hammer, bolts and screws, He pounded her and mended her, Till not a part was loose. Sam Stout then had a brainstorm As students sometimes do So he painted her with yellow stripes, Like a zebra from the zoo. And on her sides he printed In letters clear and bold The "Flying Hepzebiah!" That was her name, I'm told. In this rickety old jalopy He rode all over town, But he always took a horse along

In case the car broke down. He didn't feed her gasoline But pints of his own home brew And he got more action out of her Than you could get from two. One day he thought he'd take a ride To the outskirts of the city So he filled her up with gasoline, Got in-and what a pity! When he pressed upon the starter She leaped up from the ground, And when he turned the steering gear The wheels did spin around. Her roof began to swing and sway Her joints to rattle much You'd have thought she was a jitterbug If among cars there was such. Sam Stout hung on with all his brawn His mind was in a muddle, His eyes were bulging from his head, As if he scented trouble. He felt them flying through the air They landed with a bump, And then he found on crawling out-They were back in the city dump! No amount of kind cajolery, Could make her move a foot And to this day She's standing there Where all old junk is put.

IOAN BROWNE, 5-A.



### THE BATTLE

Two armies in the battlefields met One with grenades on the other swept, But they were ready and countered back With the rapid photo of their snipers' crack.

The battle over — a hundred dead; The men were shouting—the captain said, "Okay boys, that's enough for today, To-morrow we'll win in another way."

'Twas but a sham battle taking place, No real armies met face to face, There were no widows stricken with sorrow, 'Twas but—"I'll win today, you win tomorrow."

R. Andrew, 3-E.

## **BACK SEAT**

(Room 108 — 8.40 A.M.)

Here as I sit I watch the door

Through which the pupils all do pour:
In comes our Jean who's never late,
And Don who thinks that girls are great.
I watch the clock—one minute more—
Ruby dashes through the door!

All seats are filled—except just one—
Awaiting work that should be done...

From down the hall I hear a voice
And think it must be just some boys,
But, through the door, as sure as fate,
Shoots Gladys—just two minutes late!

PATRICIA BURD, C-3.

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# Literature Editor—B. Isbister



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"Prairie Trail," placed first in the estimation of Dr. W. F. Tamblyn, English professor at the Uni-

versity of Western Ontario. Dr. Tamblyn says: In point of style, perhaps, "Loyalty" is the best. The main reason for preferring "Prairie Trail" to "Grandma Walters' Place" is that it is Canadian, and not down-east Yankee - not that I am anti-American in the least.

I enjoyed all the stories very much, and am glad to have had the opportunity of critically examining them. They are a credit to your school. My congratulations to the winner."

# PRAIRIE TRAIL

LONG, unending road divided the hot, flat A sandy prairie, and eventually dropped into the flaring, royal sunset. Two lone figures trod down the road with tired and heavy feet. length they stopped close to a small sage-brush and turned lazily around. One of the figures was a youthful-looking boy of seventen, the other, a tall, dark brown horse about the same age.

"Wa-al, ol' Dick, it looks like we got a long way You an' me been hard put since to go yet. we been born. Seventeen years has been a long time since little Jack Thomas first met you, ol' boy, and we've been pals ever since."

Saying this, Jack patted and stroked his old friend's neck. Old Dick lowered his head and put his nose over Jack's shoulder; leaned forward slightly and perked up his ears. He knew that his young master would always be good to him, and he gave a short whinny to confirm their friendship.

"Funny how some people get rich and others die from hunger," thought Jack. He was not thinking about himself, he was thinking of his poor old dad, John Thomas. He had never had a mother, for she had died at his birth, and old John Thomas had raised the family of three, two girls and a boy. The two sisters were older than Jack and had married men from British Columbia.

Now old John was dead. He had lived a hard life, and Jack, although very lonely, felt a sort of relief at his death. He was aiming at a little town near the border of British Columbia and Alberta, where one of his sisters lived.

he knew, had married quite well, and he felt he could count on his favourite sister's help in get-Anyway, he was going to get out ting a job. of this burnt up desert. There was only desolation and loneliness at the old homestead, and he would starve if he staved any longer. Even now he was underfed and his supplies were low. Old Dick's bones were beginning to bulge, and his tongue was swollen from lack of water.

Such thoughts of food and the loss of his home soon passed when Jack saw the sun sink below the horizon. He pulled out a small blanket from his sack and stretched it out on the ground. He was soon in deep slumber, with old Dick close by, beside a sage-bush. What were his dreams, no one knows, but judging from his contented smile, they were fond one.

For a few hours all was peace and quiet. stars shone forth one by one, the moon rose, and with the moon, a soft breeze.

lack slept on, now and then twitching his lips into a smile. How unconscious he was of the black, death-like mound rising from the horizon. Above his deep breath arose a breath of loftier pitch, which moved his hair and then his blanket.

Suddenly a short sharp whinny came from old Dick, and Jack jumped up, rubbing his eyes in astonishment.

The wind was now blowing at a good gale and The thick black cloud was rapidly increasing. soon covered up the bright sky. Still the wind blew, raging over the shifty sand. Jack ran behind a small bush and covered himself and his pack with his blankets. Nothing, he realized,

could be done with old Dick. Jack only hoped that the wind would calm down. The sand rose higher and higher. It filled the air like a thick Jack held tight to his blanket, and struggled to keep his nostrils free from sand. He could feel the sand closing in and piling up behind him. The storm subsided after what seemed like an eternity, and lack crawled out of his little pit looking about him.

All over, the great expanse was smoothed with Jack waited until he saw the first rays Then he began to call and of sun in the east. whistle for his friend. He looked around him He had seen several times and then paused. a little mound of sand, but dared not think what Slowly he walked over to it, each it might be. step only bringing a more desperate hope. Near the mound he stopped a moment and then turned and covered his face with his hands. He had seen it; his last friend was gone; he was alone, so dreadfully alone that it was terrifying.

He turned no more to look at that awful mound of death, but picked up his small pack and hurried down the faint track of a road. Often a quiver would go up his back, and his eyes would fill with water. He tried, at first vainly, to think of comforting thoughts - of the luck he might have in getting a job, of the happiness he might find with his sister.

By noon the sun was streaming down in full Jack became very warm and tired. radiation. He sat down for a moment, ate a few dry slices of bread, and drained the last few drops of water in his small flask. Getting up to start off again, he suddenly felt very weak, and struggled to stand up. For a moment he lay on the hot dry sand, his head aching, his stomach sore from emptiness, and his bones feeling very stiff. He lay very limp and closed his eyes for awhile. It seemed as if he had lost all ambition to go on, and that he was awaiting his end.

Slowly he opened his eyes and turned them toward the west. Suddenly he had regained his strength, for there, not more than a mile off he could see a dark streak curling itself up from the horizon to the sky. He hurried to get up, threw his sack over his shoulder, and hurried as fast as he could in the direction of the smoke.

"Oh, if that is only a depot," repeated Jack aloud several times, and as he got nearer he could hear the faint whistle of a distant train.

He could see that there was a little village surrounding the station. Close by the village was a little blue winding river, and back off its banks grew green grass and tall shady trees.

"I wish I'd been born 'round here," thought Jack, "then I'd have a job, and could have some

happiness."

He struggled up to and through the station door and fell down exhausted on a leather seat. Immediately a little, sharp, grey-haired woman appeared, and seeing the boy in such a condition, called her husband and ran for some water.

When Jack awoke he found himself in a neat little old-fashioned bed. Standing by him was the little woman, smiling very cheerfully.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Iack Thomas is my name ma'am, an' I'm

very grateful to ya fer ---"

"Oh, don't bother yourself," replied the woman, "I often have visitors. In fact, right now I have a visitor from British Columbia. She's on her way to see her young brother living away over east on the prairie. She wants to take him back to help her husband in his business."

At that moment a lovely young woman entered the room and looked at the boy in the bed. A slight look of wonderment crossed her face. lack turned to see who had entered.

"This," said the elderly woman, "is the visitor

I told you about, Jack.'

"What!" cried Jack jumping out of bed in his huge, borrowed night-shirt. "Why, why you're my sister."

At that they flung their arms about each other, hardly capable of holding back big heavy drops from their eyes.

"How much I've needed you!" they both whispered together.

R. Wilson, Coll. IV-C.

# GRANDMA WALTERS' PLACE

JUTTING out into the ocean, half-way between Amityville and Babylon, on the south coast of Long Island, is a point known to all on this island as "Grandma Walters' Place." It is more than just a piece of land stuck on the rugged

coastline — oh yes, much more than you think!

Looking on the map of Long Island, you notice that Amityville and Babylon are not on the main highway - so much the better for Grandma! At a place half-way between these two towns, this story took place. If you have ever visited Long Island and taken this "shore-line" road, you found it much more picturesque than the through "back highway." The shore-line follows the high, rugged coast-line from Amityville, past Babylon to Bay-Shore.

As you raced along, gazing at the expanse of the blue ocean, your view was suddenly cut off from the ocean by a long, high, brick wall.

"Is this some penitentiary," you ask, "sticking out on the ocean shore?"

Oh no, no indeed, why you were in front of "Grandma Walters' Place!" Ha-ha! Surprised, weren't you? You expected to see a large mansion, with beautiful surroundings, and all you saw was a large, long (over a mile to be exact) wall, with vines climbing all over it. About the middle of this protrusion you passed a large iron gateway, a little distance from the road, strong and massive looking, it was also mostly covered with leaves of the fast-growing Boston ivy. Here, at least, you thought you would see the house, but no, again you were disappointed!

"Oh drive on, get me past this huge blockade," you frantically shouted, and drove faster. Ah, there was the ocean again and looking away out on the horizon, you saw some fast ocean liner, off to Europe — perhaps the Queen Mary!

"Good-bye, disappointed stranger," I often mumbled to myself. How many there were like you! They approached this mysterious place lessened their speed, passed the gateway very slowly, and furious on their disappointment of not seeing what was behind this wall, dashed past the remaining half with utmost speed. Yes, indeed, that would have been a fine place for a "speed cop" to park his 'cycle.' Just think of the fines he would have collected from motorists for exceeding the speed limit.

Oh but I didn't have time to "doddle" and watch cars go whizzing by me or I wouldn't have my oats planted! And as you may have guessed, I didn't have my oats planted that day, too much "doddling around."

"Maw," I began the question the next morning at breakfast, "don't you think I need an extra farm hand? The work is getting to be too much for me!" The debate was short and the case I won. On the next morning I was off to Babylon to hire a farm hand, but before I had reached the highway, Grandma drove past in her expensive car; she had been to town before me!

"Howdy Grandma," I shouted, but she only smiled that same grim forced grin. "Isn't that

her son Rance with her. Why of course it is. Howdy Rance. Humph!" my shouts were useless. They passed and went through their gate. No stop, no delay, they must have been expecting them!

Well, I obtained my extra farm hand; Willard Thomas, he said his name was — real nice "chap" too. He was handsome, muscular, dark and clean — just the type for my daughter Mary. But alas, it wasn't long before I found out that he didn't know "one, two,three" about farming. But he did show affection towards Mary, and so mother insisted on keeping him.

One day in early June, Will (I called him that for short) and I were down examining the oats, which had been badly nipped by a late frost when Grandma and her son Rance drove past in their car and entered through their gate. It was then for the first time, that I saw a glimpse of their house. It was a large, massive building, built of stone and brick, shaped in the form of a "U." The house was two stories high, with chimneys actually dotting the roof top. This building also, was mostly covered with the creeping ivy — Grandma must have "adored" the "stuff."

One night, Will didn't come home to sleep, but he was in the barn with Lucas (my other farm hand) the next morning when I went to help milk the cows. Will's explanation was vague. This strange action was repeated several times, until I could stand it no longer — curiosity was driving me mad. I then decided to keep a close watch on Will. Where did he go? What was he up to? Only Will knew the answer!

One evening in the middle of June, I achieved my desire. It was after supper. Will and I were thinning the young turnips, doing as much work in the long days of summer as possible. I feigned a loud yawn and said I was tired and was going home to bed. Will said he would work a little longer and so I left him — but not for long! Behind the first tree I hid watching every move he did.

He spoke the truth; he did work a little longer! Then Will stood up, walked across the highway, sat on the top of the bank, gazing out into the dark waters of the Atlantic, and began to smoke a cigarette.

From his point of vantage, you would think that he could see all of Grandma Walter's place, but no, trees and shrubs concealed everything on this jut of land. Bushes growing on the steep, almost vertical bank; shrubs growing like this on

the ocean shore were not found anywhere else near my house. But, far out in the darkness, little light twinkled — a passing boat no doubt, entering New York.

Still he sat quietly, puffing his cigarette and gazing into the blackness — what was there to see out there? Nothing to see, but soon was heard a soft rumbling noise, which grew louder and louder, and suddenly, reaching its highest pitch, stopped altogether. Then Will rose up and walked down the road, stopped in front of Grandma's gate and sat with his back against the trunk of an old elm. A car came out, a large black expensive one — Grandma's car, and it hastened on down the road to Amityville.

But while this car was going through these performances, Will was doing some of his own. As the car was passing through the gate, out of the private grounds, Will was slipping in through the gate into this forbidden territory. The gates closed, the car went out of sight; all was quiet. I waited several hours for Will's return but when he didn't appear, I became very tired and returned home, for it was after midnight.

Mother woke me up even before the roosters began to crow and said there were several prowlers around outside.

"Probably Will," I moaned, not fully awake. This reply didn't satisfy "Maw," as I knew it wouldn't. Hurriedly dressed, I opened the door.

"Good morning," said one of the muscular men confronting me. "We are looking for Willard Can you tell me where he is? are federal men from Washington."

"Land-o-goshen," I stammered. "He ain't here." With this as a beginning, I told the officers all I knew about Willard Thomas and finished by inviting them in for a cup of tea. This, they declined, saying they had some important business to do, and departed.

From the window, mother counted at least ten of these "fellows" as they left the yard and walked down the road to Grandma's Place. Maw felt better when she learned they were federal men but on the other hand, very nervous and excited to think we had employed a criminal for a farm hand.

"It just doesn't seem right," she said in comforting Mary.

An hour later, while we were eating our breakfast, a knock was heard at the door. I went to the door. To my astonishment, there faced me a group of people I never wish to see together again. There were the federal men with Will, but what astounded me was that they also had Grandma Walters and her son Rance with them.

"H-h-ello," I really did stammer this time. "Won't you come in!"

"Thank you," said the federal agent who spoke to me an hour ago. "We'll 'take up' that offer of a cup of tea now."

And then, in our kitchen, the whole mystery was cleared before my eyes. Again the same federal agent did the talking.

"First," he began, "may I present Federal Agent, number 72, or known to you as Willard Thomas." This astounded me!

"Also may I present," he continued in his cheerful manner, "Grandma Walters and her son Rance, known to us (he emphasized "us") as Les Ryan and Jake Malzoni, two of the worst smugglers of jewellery." I was overwhelmed!

"This point of Grandma's (instead of Les Ryan, he used the word Grandma which was more familiar to us) was a small fortified fortress and distributing centre for their smuggled products. Hollowed out under the farthest end of her, or rather his, fortified pier was a hidden dock where he kept two powerful yachts, a necessary connecting link between the ocean liners and the shore here. Very good Grandma," he congratulated her, "but not good enough to fool Uncle Sam." While he was saying this, he walked over to Grandma, who was sitting on one of the kitchen chairs, surrounded by federal agents, and removed her gray wig.

"Those boats, those rumbling sounds, last night — it all comes back to me," I murmured.

The results are brief. Grandma and Rance are now doing twenty years in a real "pen." Oh yes, Mary is now Mrs. Federal Agent, number 72.

MURRAY TAYLOR, 5-A.

# LOYALTY

NDER the yellow beaming sun, the level in an azure sea. Along the dustry prairie, a warm prairie, brown and scorched, faded into the

wind languidly blew, now and then, stirring a In the sparkling clear sky, one small burnt withered bush. Everywhere was quietness, cotton batting cloud floated, a white sailing ship a still deathly quiet, only interrupted once in a long while by the chirp of a bird.

Along the two gleaming, black ribbons of steel which ran across the prairie to pierce the horizon finally like an unerring arrow, a lone man trudged His appearance was one of strength, emphasized by his tall, muscular stature. under the tattered straw hat, a few wisps of dark, brown hair pushed forth, and from a face, tanned to the colour of leather, two steady grey eyes peered forth. The full lips and square jaw told one that here was a man who looked life in the face and took everything it gave in his stride, whether good or bad. He wore what were once dark blue overalls, now faded to the blue of the summer sky, and a grey cotton shirt, short at the sleeves, disclosing strong, brown arms and handshands of the soil. From under the frayed cuffs, a pair of dusty worn boots looked to the world.

This man, plodding by the tracks, was once a prosperous farmer who lived comfortably with his children, contented and happy. His fields then glowed at harvest time with ripe golden wheat, his garden showed the sprouting green at summer, and trees bloomed and brought forth their fruit. Then one year a sudden change swept over all the West. Rain, once abundant, never came. The sun blazed down pitilessly on vegetables shrinking and drying them, forcing the very life out of them. Trees and shrubs died in agony for life-giving water. Great hordes of grasshoppers swooped down, stripping the wheat and everything green they saw, leaving only barren land. Despite this, the man went on, trying to gain what he could from the soil. toiled.

Suddenly one day, startling news came, news

that was to make history. Unable to go to the city to give his tribute to this great occasion, which might never happen again, this man decided to give his respect at the steel tracks, which ran across the prairie, twenty miles away. Now dressed in his best overalls, he was waiting.

Through the stillness, a train whistle wails. A train is flying on the steel ribbons but not an ordinary train. Again the whistle, now closer, smashes the air into atoms. What is that, the man pulls from his pocket which his gnarled hands? It is a piece of cloth - red, white and blue — on a thin red stick — the Union Jack. The sleek royal blue bullet now is hurling itself towards him and as it does the little flag unfurls, bravely fluttering in the lazy breeze. train bearing the golden letters G. R. passes him, the man looks up to behold, Oh! what joy!, the wave of a beautiful hand, the handsome bronzed smiling face of a man. The train has now faded into the horizon and the man stands, his brown head bared and bowed.

The little flag, having faithfully answered the calls to duty, hangs limply by its stick. The motionless man comes to life and with a quicker step turns towards his little drought-stricken farm in the distance, the refrains, "the Maple Leaf Forever, God Save the King" ringing in his heart and ears. He had seen his King and had paid his tribute. When the man becomes a tiny speck on the prairie, Nature returns to her peace and the quiet surges back — a deathly still quiet only interrupted once in a long while by the chirp of a bird.

OLGA PETRO, 4-A.

## "OSCEOLA"

Will you come with me for awhile to St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in America, and we shall visit old Fort Marion or San Marco. There is a great deal to see about this historic fort, with its ancient moat and draw-bridges, its majestic walls of rock, and its stately turrets over which have flown the flags of three empires, but as we have not time to see everything, I am going to take you to a place which fascinates me whenever I take a journey in thought there . . .

The room which we are entering will perhaps not interest you very much at a first glance; it is a bare room, damp and mossy, with high thick cement walls, in which, near the ceiling, is a narrow slit of an opening—the only source of air and light, for the door is kept barred. The room is a cell!

While we are in this cell, let us allow our imaginations to carry us back to the time of the great Seminole Indian Chief—Osceola—who was born in Georgia, the son of an English trader named Powell, and an Indian woman. In early life, he was taken by his mother to Florida, and, as he grew to manhood, won the friendship of the Seminoles, by his opposition to the sale of their lands, and by his hatred of the white people. He married an Indian woman, the daughter of a fugitive slave, but, shortly after his marriage, she was reclaimed. Osceola threatened the Indian agent, and was put into this cell.

Seething with wrath and indignation, and with a savage impulse for revenge surging through his Indian blood, he resolved to escape and seek re-

He refused food from the Americans until he was quite thin; yes—thin enough to go through that opening. One night, when all was quiet, he took out his hunting knife, and, digging and hacking at the rock wall, made nicks in it quite far apart, up the side of the wall. Higher and higher he worked—now, savagely, quickly—now—worn out, blindly, slowly, tumbling back down. After many unsuccessful atempts, he reached the little opening—and freedom, by digging his toes into the niches and laboriously scaling the wall. (If you will look closely at that wall, you will see faint traces of those rude slashes still visible, despite the wear of many a decade.)

Osceola, however, did not rest until he had sought his revenge. Upon his tedious escape, he slipped up quietly, killed the Indian agent, and gathering his tribe together, began the second Seminole War. He was defeated several times and accompanied by many warriors, came to confer with the American general, who, with no regard for decent warfare, took Osceola and his warriors prisoners, holding them in Fort Moultrie in South Carolina, where, after a short period, the heart of our subdued and crestfallen savage ceased to hear

And now, returning to the present, returning from the dashing, tragic life of the Indian brave, this old, cold cell, almost forgotten, takes on a greater significance.

Ella Cruickshank

# THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE

NE, two, three, chimed out the chimes of the century-old grandfather's clock, an heirloom of the Jarvis family. It was a faithful old clock, as it stood in the large, spacious hall of a country home. The clock had never been moved or disturbed since the owners died a number of years ago. Why, you may ask? That question can be answered by only one person.

The one, old faithful servant, Charles, lived in the back quarters of the house, A young niece, Jane Jarvis, who inherited the large mansion, looked after the place. Her summer months were spent at the beach, and during this interval the servant looked after the place. Jane's bedroom was upstairs above the large downstair hall. For several nights she was awakened by a strange sense of fear. She was constantly fearing those strange noises that are ordinary in large brick houses.

On the twenty-ninth of January, nineteen hundred and forty, a very strange and mysterious event tok place. As Jane was expecting a few friends for dinner at six o'clock she was busy arranging some flowers on a small table in the As she went from one side of the table to the other she moved the runner on the table and a long, narrow sheet of pink paper fell to Jane picked it up, she had a queer the floor. feeling for some reason or other. The note was read, then re-read by the pale-faced girl. Her mind was a complete blank. The paper had queer printed figures on it, written with indelible ink. Fastened to the back of the sheet there was a smaller slip of paper. The contents read:

June 20, 1939.

Charles:

I have invited four friends for tea at six. Please arrange the tables on the porch at the front of the house. Do not have the house brightly lighted.

Jane Jarvis.

The handwriting was similar to Jane's and yet she knew she never wrote on pink paper to Charles. On second thought she knew she was at the lake at this time. Putting the papers in her pocket Jane hurried quickly into the kitchen. She called but there was no answer. could Charles have gone?" thought Jane. she peered through the window Charles could be seen reading something written on a large sheet of pink paper. What could all this mean. Then Jane realized she was working herself into a frenzy over a mere thing. With this in mind she tossed it into the waste-paper basket under the sink. Probably Charles was taking a few minutes off to read the early edition on the mining catastrophe. In the midst of the mad rush, Jane forgot to mention the mystery to Charles, when he came in.

The dinner party was a great success. All Jane's guests were hungry and enjoyed it very much. Charles was complimented on his good cooking. One of the guests, whose name was Mr. Slickerby, gave Charles a tip wrapped in what he said was his favourite colour, pink paper.

After all the guests enjoyed an evening of

games and laughter they decided to leave at eleven However Mr. and Mrs. Slickerby's chauffeur had not waited and was not there at the appointed time. Iane told them that Charles would drive them home. As she hurried to Charles bedroom she noticed that the door was closed and the lights were off inside. usually waited up until all the guests left but probably he had been tired and went to bed. Instead of rousing him Jane decided to drive the guests home. When Mrs. Slickerby came from the powder room she and Jane went to the car. In a few minutes they were joined by Mr. Slickerby, who said he had been delayed.

As the trio neared the city limits Mr. Slickerby suggested they stop at the night club. But Jane said she was expecting her uncle the next day and would prefer not being late getting home, especially when she was driving the car alone.

After delivering the guests safely home, Jane speeded down the deserted street on her way home. One of the front tires blew out sending the car across the street in front of a large limousine. The driver swerved the car and ran through a stop light. Jane recognized the car as that of Mr. and Mrs. Saype, from New York, who were visiting in the city.

During Jane's lonesome drive home she turned on the radio. In a second she received the message that she was wanted at home immediately. When Jane drove up in front of the house ten minutes later she saw the lighted house and a number of police cars. Private detectives were busily engaged inside the house. It didn't take long for the news to spread and Jane realized she had been robbed of a mysterious valuable.

The house remained a state of confusion the rest of that week. Each day brought added events. Detectives were getting bits of information and finger prints were taken.

A week later Jane received the report from police headquarters. It was an astonishing report. The letter read:

Miss Jarvis:

We have carefully gathered your valuable information together with the analysed finger prints and foot prints. We have concluded that your grandfather's clock concealed a written formula for a very important explosive. The formula is long and complicated and was carved on the inside of that beautiful old relic. The clock was opened by only two people. The finger prints disclosed were those of your servant, Charles, and your close friend, Mr. Slickerby. Naturally we know Mr. and Mrs. Slickerby were frequent guests at your home and information and other clues were disclosed to us by his notes to Charles, by the handwriting in the notes which was very similar to your own. The other couple that made up the quartet were Mr. and Mrs. Saype. who by the way, have been located in Philadelphia, with several pink papers containing formula and very valuable information.

It was a pleasure for us to sit back and watch our clever young detectives do this good work. We are sure you agree with us Miss Jarvis. Please be in the court room tomorrow morning at ninethirty and we can decide what must be done with this formula. It is a dangerous plan to let it stand as it is now.

JEAN BLACKLOCK, COLL. 4-C.

## **GOING HOME**

BEFORE him hobbled six Russian prisoners of war. He knew it was cold because they had told him it was 30 below zero. The very air crackled while the deep snow snapped and squeeled beneath the awkward feet of the men from his scattered division. But Ivan had long since ceased to have any feeling for the cold.

He listened stolidly to the sharp commands of the Finnish officers and automatically fell in step with the rest of his miserable party. There were newsmen and photographers. Americans, he thought, but he could not be sure. They were discussing the prisoners.

The words were a mystery to him but he could tell much from the expression of their faces. They

examined the crude cotton uniforms so inadequate for the bitter weather. In bad Russian they commanded the men to display their paper- thin shoes. His countrymen were desperate for food; most of them were wounded but still able to hobble on their frost-bitten feet. The Finns gave them cigarettes, allowed them to light them, and bade them move on toward the military station. Ivan followed silently.

These, after all, were the fortunate ones. He pictured the chaos and carnage left on the battle-field, the mangled, frozen bodies, the uncanny silence over everything.

Ivan fell out of step suddenly. He thrust his hand blindly before him, staggered, stumbled

forward, and fell heavily in the snow.

There was a hurried movement among the men; Ivan sensed, rather than saw it. They were carrying him. Their words came to him from a long way off through the swirling fog that was closing about him. Gently, they placed him on the ground in the shelter of a drift of snow.

A strange man, different from the rest, came forward and bent over him, mumbling words that were not the words of the others, yet they were words he could understand. In the hand of the

man was an ebony cross.

Ivan had forced his heavy lids to open. Dimly he saw the form of Comrade Nicholas, his closest Nicholas was suspicious.

"What is that you are holding over Comrade Bazaluck?" he demanded of the mumbling man. "It is the cross of Christ." he was told.

"Christ" The soldier was puzzled but he questioned no further. Ivan also, had never heard that name.

From his lying position Ivan looked about him. He marked the blue tracks they had ploughed The trees were through the newly fallen snow. very still, their dark green branches shot with the fire of frost. It was all very pearceful. biting of the awful cold had ceased. The guns A perfect calm had settled over were quiet. everything.

For the first time Ivan noticed a third man standing beside him. He was garbed in the white camouflage of the Finnish soldiers and his eyes had a strange look about them.

"Why do you fight my men?" he asked Ivan. "It is the wish of Russia." He could speak to this man for his language was easily understood.

"Is it your wish?"

"No. I did not wish it." "Are you not Russia?"

"I am but part of the masses, Comrade."

"Why does Russia wish you to fight my men?" "We go to save the workers from the Capitalists."

"That it strange. How do you hope to do this?"

"We shall give them Communism."

The man in white looked at the thin shoes, the inadequate clothing, the starved face marked with the oppression and misery of centuries.

"Is that the Communism by which you wish

to save these, my people?"

Ivan had no answer. He was taught these things; he knew no other. His eyes closed heavily. The mumbling sounded faint and far away; he sensed the faces bending over him.

"I . . . I came to fight your people, Comrade," he gasped. His lips were stiff and very hard to move. "Now I am . . . your prisoner. You can do with me . . . what . . . you choose."

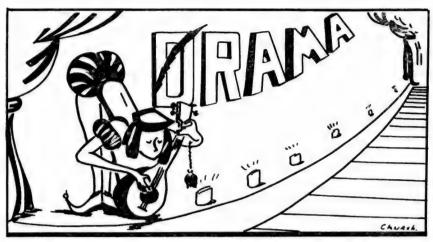
He fought to open his eyes, seeking the The other faces blurred beyond recognianswer. tion; only the speaker's face stood out clearly as though a light were upon it. It seemed, he too, had been wounded for his forehead was red with blood and his hands gashed by ugly wounds. He, too, was a soldier. The difference was only in what he fought for.

"All people are my people," He answered softly.

"Come, we are going home."

INA L. DAVID, V 2C.





EDITOR -- B. LUCAS

## HE ALSO SERVED

(Place: small apartment of an old tenament house in a remote section of a large Finnish city. Time: during the present war).

Migel—How I wish I were going with you to the front tomorrow! I'm no good here. It's too bad one of those bombs wouldn't get

Paul—Hush, Migel, don't speak that way! You don't realize how much I wish you could be there, too, but your saying that only makes our parting harder.

Migel—I know I'm an idiot, Paul, but you don't realize how I feel about this. This is, to me more than a parting between us: it is a definite proof to me that now I am eternally separated from the ways and lives of my friends. I'm not like you, much as I hate to think of it—much as I've tried to overcome my physical weakness, I realize now that I have failed completely. All my life I've longed to serve my country nobly, and no—now! when the one big chance comes—where am I? stumbling around on a crutch!

Paul—Dear Migel, don't you see? You don't have to be in the battle line to serve your country. That's all right for us fellows who can go and fight; but for you, Migel—another kind of service is yours! But Migel, listen! What is that noise? An air-raid! Quick—to the shelter!

## Scene II

(Place: on the deck of a ship bound for America. Time: two weeks later; Migel seated in a deck chair, is enveloped in heavy blankets. Sev-

eral passengers, mostly Finnish refugees,—some seated, some floundering about nervously — all are excited, nervous, expectant. Occasional nervous laughs or hysterical giggles break out here and there. A stranger, very distinguished-looking, is talking with Migel.)

Stranger—Such a dreadful misfortune has come upon your country. I had only begun my scientific research work in Leningrad, when the trouble broke out. I have some valuable information though, if I can only get it back to America. I had a lot of trouble getting my passport to go out of the country. Seems funny to me, though it may be none of my business, that a young fellow like you should be leaving your country now when it needs you.

Migel—(cringing) Please, sir, spare me a little. But for this—(touching his crippled leg under his steamer rug) I'd be at the front now. I've nothing to live for—nothing! Don't think it was easy for me to see my friends leaving for the front, while all I could do was hobble around and say goodbye to them.

Stranger—I'm awfully sorry, really—I had no idea—but why are you leaving your home?
—have you no family?

Migel—My family? Gone—Two weeks ago, when I was in another section of the city, a bomb was dropped on the home of my parents. My family were all killed—my parents, my two brothers, who were just leaving for the army—I, the only worthless one, am left. Would that it had taken me and

spared them! (lights dim and go out)

#### Scene III

(Place: inside ship—toward front end. Time: fifteen minutes later. There has been a terrific explosion, after an enemy submarine torpedoed the ship. Passengers—men, women and children are all rushing around blindly, frantically, some weeping, some shrieking, some laughing hysterically.)

Captain—(coming to the front of the ship)
Silence! (with forced calmness) My good
people—there is no cause for alarm. Do
as I say, and you'll be all right. Everyone on deck! To the life-boats! Women
and children first, older men, younger
men, and crew. Now, no rushing, and
don't all go to one side. Do not anyone
go down to your rooms!

(Passengers all rush out—Migel, as usual, behind the rest. Suddenly a young Finnish woman rushes back in.)

Woman—My child! My little girl! Where is she? (screams)

Migel—Your child is likely in the crowd, lost from you but for the moment.

Woman—No—no—I had her by the hand, when suddenly she tore away from me, and ran in here. Tell me—did she go down below? Please—get my child. (Woman faints).

Migel goes below—stumbling, falling—as quickly as possible. He moves slowly from one room to another—in one room he comes upon a little girl of about six years affectionately clutching her doll. She looks up, when he enters).

Little Girl—Why are you looking at me? What do you want? Please don't bother Olga and me—we were going to have a tea party. Poor Olga's curls are all wet . . .

Migel—(interrupting breathlessly) Your mother -above. Go! (The water is now pouring He lifts her to the stair-case, and she goes to safety. He starts to ascend, then halts, while he makes a momentous decision, then stumbles back, groping along the watery corridor to the wireless room. While above, and outside, the last lifeboat is lowered into the water, he sends out S.O.S. messages, giving the position of the sinking ship, and information about the life-boats, with, at last, a smile of triumph Then the ship gives a sudon his face. den mighty lurch forward and rolls over on its side.

Lights dim, and, above the roar of the raging sea, and the din of the crashing timbers, and unseen voice is heard:

"Dear Migel, don't you see? You don't have to be in the battle line to serve your country. Another kind of service is yours!"

Ella Cruickshank, 5-B.

## TWO ROADS

#### Characters:

Mrs. Albert. Mrs. Foster. Parson James Scot.

Mrs. Bates (housekeeper.)

Butler.

Margaret Jacobs.

Mr. Storey.

Extra including two old men.

The place is a small village in the New England States in the year 1936.

Picture in your mind a very old and lonely church.

This quaint church has been empty for two years, because old Minister Jacobs died, and the poor people of this little village have not been able to succeed in getting anyone since, due to their financial standing.

## Scene I

Two women of the community are talking, in the poorly furnished living room of Mrs. Albert.

Mrs. Albert—I'm so glad we finally have found a young minister that is willing to preach in this lonely run down parish.

Mrs. Foster—Perhaps it will brighten up and be a happy community like it used to be before Parson Jacobs died.

Mrs. Albert—Minister Jacobs was the kindest old man, everyone worshipped him. Pity his granddaughter is such a flighty girl.

Mrs. Foster—I heard the other day, when I was buying my groceries, that she's coming back here to live for the summer.

Mrs. Albert—Pity, I suppose she'll be strutting off to church to show off her 5th Avenue clothes.

# —Lights dim, and go out—

## Scene II

The minister's living room, he is talking to his housekeeper.

Rev. Scot—This parish is terribly run down Mrs. Bates and it will take a lot of support from the people to build it up.

Mrs. Bates—Yes Parson Scot, but you being such a young man, you have the strength to do it. Parson Jacobs was very much grieved after his wife's death, and just a year before he passed away he couldn't do justice to his work. His only living relative is his granddaughter, Margaret Jacobs, and she never helped the poor lonely old man.

Minister—When I make my calls to-day, I think I will call on Miss Jacobs, it might just happen that she could help me to get to know my people.

Bates—I hardly think there is much hope Parson Scot.

-Lights dim, and go out-

## Scene III

Arriving at the home of Miss Jacobs, the minister is ushered into the living room, by the butler. Butler—I'll call Miss Jacobs sir.

(Miss Jacobs steps into the room.)

Minister—Permit me to introduce myself. I am the new minister, Scot is my name, and as I am your grandfather's successor, I thought perhaps . . .

Margaret—(Interrupting) . . . That I could help you. Well I don't want to seem rude Parson Scot, but I am not interested in the village . . . or its people.

Minister—But your grandfather, didn't you help him?

Margaret—My grandfather had a chance, in fact two chances, to go to a church in Chicago, but he turned it down because he said his heart was here with his people. Grandfather was poor all his life and it was his own fault because of his sentimental feelings. So you see *I* couldn't be of any help.

Minister—Well if that's the case I'll be leaving, but you have helped me Miss Jacobs, in spite of yourself.

-Lights dim, and go out-

# Scene IV

Two years have passed, it is now 1938, and Parson Scot has built up a prosperous church and community with his fine work.

This scene takes place in the Parson's living room. The minister and a man by the name of Storey are seated talking.

Storey—Yes, Rev. Scot, we have been watching your work for the past year, and we are offering you a church in Maine. It is a rich church and will not take the work this one does. You have exerted yourself for the past two years and you have earned this better position.

Rev. Scot—It sounds exceptionally good Mr. Storey. How long can I have to think it over?

Storey—We can only give you a week to make your decision. So please give us your answer before next week. . . . Well, I must be going and we will be seeing more of each other out in Maine.

Minister—(Showing Storey to door) Goodbye. (Closes door.) This sounds like the opportunity I have been waiting for.

-Lights dim, and go out-

#### Scene V

Three days later in the Parson's living room; a storm is raging without; the housekeeper is bringing Rev. Scot a cup of tea.

Parson—This is almost a hurricane and its getting worse every minute.

Mrs. Bates—Yes Parson—I fear it will do much damage.

Parson—Where is Miss Jacobs now, Mrs. Bates? Mrs. Bates—She arrived back in town today.

## CRASH!

Parson—(Excitedly) It is a hurricane and I can hear the people of the village calling for help. (Running to window). The trees are being uprooted, this is terrible, but we can't do a thing.

Mrs. Bates—We can't help now we must go to the wind cellar until it is over.

Parson—Yes, and then we must hurry to help the people. (They go to descend the cellar stairs.)

#### Scene VI

The storm is over, everything is in ruin — everything except the church. Parson Scot and the housekeeper have taken the injured people of the village to the church, and are giving them first aid.

Rev. Scot—We certainly are going to have a hard time, nearly everyone is too badly injured to help us except those two old men, and they are really too old. (A moan is heard now and again from the injured people.)

Housekeeper—(to minister)—Look who's coming —Miss Margaret Jacobs.

Margaret—I hear your leaving us next week—when we need you most.

Rev. Scot—No, I'm not leaving — I was until I found out that this is my work and where I belong. There is going to be a lot of work building up this parish again. You said a minute ago "us," including yourself. I'm going to need someone to help me . . . and I'd like it to be you—If you would.

Margaret—There's nothing I'd rather do. This is where I belong among my own people, and my own kind.

Rev. Scot—These people will be well in a few days—help has already come, and we will all start over again. Remember I told you, you taught me something that day I called? You said your grandfather lived for these people — well I forgot my lesson until a more severe lesson made me realize it.

Margaret—I hope I will be able to make up for all my misjudging and wrong doings.

Parson Scot—We both will work and hope together, Margaret.

Margaret—As I said before, there is nothing I'd rather do, Jim.

—Curtain Falls—

BETTY LUCAS.



## **PUBLIC SPEAKING**

The annual School public speaking contests again attracted a large number of entries, particularly in the Junior divisions. After preliminary try-outs in each form, final contests were conducted under Miss Walker's supervision and the following winners declared:

Junior Girls: Winner of the Harry N. Phillips' Shield—Shirley Morrison, Coll. 2A, with Helen Andrews, of the same form, as runner-up.

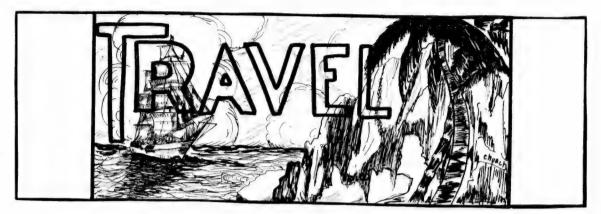
Junior Boys: The Neal Bread Co. Shield -

Bill Dawson 2A, with Howard Hansen 2B standing second.

Senior Girls: The Walker Bros. Shield — Catherine Campbell 3A, who, it will be remembered, was W.O.S.S.A. gold medallist in the Junior Girls' division last year.

Senior Boys: The St. Clair Motors Shield — Ted Galpin 4A, with Tom Lester of the same form in second place.





EDITOR—ELLA CRUICKSHANK

# A VISIT TO THE REPUBLIC OF EIRE

(Call it "Air-a," and hope for the best)

THANK you for asking me to write something about my joyous circuit of Eire.

The beginning of it was the middle of last August on a cross-channel steamer arriving at Dublin. You never saw such a crowd as there was, of Irish people, all to meet one boat! The smiles of welcome would have reached Sarnia, and the tears of welcome would have floated us another mile inland; so, although I was a lone Canadian without acquantance of anyone alive in that land, I stepped happily over the plank to begin my journey into the deep deep green.

Soon I was in a bus starting to ride through the main pride of Dublin, O'Connell Street, very broad, with a line of monuments down its middle. Is it to the right or to the left we'll be going in this country, I wondered to myself. Left it was, past many a stony hero until we came to Nelson surveying the horizon from a tall pillar, just as he does in Trafalgar Square, at London. Do you always stand in the sky, I said in my own mind. Well, in England you have the company of the barrage balloons, but here you have nobody. I am better off with a driver and a dozen people in this bus.

Once out of Dublin we took the highway to the west, and my eyes began to be filled with sights such as I had never believed existed outside of stories. Low stone walls bordered the way, and on them sat staring all the teen-age population of the land . White-washed stone cottages with thatched roofs and mysterious black holes of doors; bare-footed children chasing geese or riding in donkey-carts; old, old women in black

shawls sitting in the sunshine of their doorways. Occasionally we came to a fine school. The gaelic sign said "Scoil" which sounds worse, don't

you think?

And then, what should we meet on the road but a funeral, magnificent with black nodding plumes and shiny horses! A gay crowd trailed behind all the children helping to push the hearse with their hands; and there was the merriest ringing of bells in the near-by church. Surely, I thought, such a joyful din must foretell a happy future for the deceased; such optimism will of itself open the gates of heaven, even in face of hesitation on the part of St. Peter.

Across from me in the bus was an Irish girl going home to Killarney. She told me about the Dublin Horse Show which she had just attended; and about such Irish-bred stars as Manifesto, Frigate, and Man of War; and about the country through which we were going; and about the people who live there, tending sheep on their stony fields and cutting turf from their black peat bogs. As we approached Limerick she said that a great many German people lived near by, and then I remembered having met in Germany a man who was homesick for Ireland. He was an engineer who had work for five years on the Shannon hydro-electric scheme, an immense plant built by the German company of Siemerrs-Schuckert.

From Limerick it was not far to Tipperary, but we sang the song saying "It's a Long Way," just as we would in Sarnia. It was the bus-driver who led the songs, and most of the conversation, too, — with the greatest of ease and natural as-

surance. How well that man could talk! How well any Irishman anywhere can talk with his smiles and patter of jokes! He makes ordinary things interesting, interesting things thrilling, and over all he casts some unexplainable charm.

Now our bus was climbing higher and higher among towering hills, melancholy with the fall of night; and then we were in the Kingdom of Kerry which is the southwestermost part of Ireland; and then we were at Killarney itself.

Well, Killarney is a glamour country for you, all greenness and sweet ancientry, made wonderfully warm and gentle by the miracle of that heated sea, the Gulf Stream.

There was glamour over even the driver of a jaunting-car, who pursued us wherever we went and pestered us to ride in his heathenish old contraption of a cart. His name was Charlie McCarthy!

One day Charlie took us to Muckross Abbey which was founded by a Donald McCarthy in 1340. The grave-yard around it was full of McCarthys, all dead, each having on top of him a wreath of white china flowers in a glass case protected by a wire-bird-cage sort of arrangement. I felt sad as I thought of all the McCarthys who had ever lived there, and not one of them alive today, except Charlie.

Muckross Abbey itself is a four-sided ruin, in the quadrangle of which stands the "biggest yew tree in the wor-ruld." Now, all grave-yard yews are said to draw their life from the brains of the nearby dead. You are a queer tree, I said to it in my mind; here you have fared well on centuries of McCarthys; but what have you ever done in return for the favour?

There was no shamrock to be found, though Charlie helped diligently in the search. Doubtless, I said to myself, this year's crop has already gone to Canada for next St. Patrick's Day, and the new supply of wire and green silk has not yet arrived.

It is no myth, though, that Ireland is green. The overhead sprinkling system and the bright warm sun provide velvety green grass for all meadows, riotous green ivy for all buildings, cool green moss on every tree-foot, and glistening green lichen for all the stone fences of Kerry.

There are other colours, too—crimson of fuchsia—hedges lining the roads for miles; yellow of furze splashing itself into corners; purple of heather stretching forever away into the purple distance. It was well fooled I was about the heather, thinking it was all in Scotland — ex-

cept for a few sprigs in the possession of Miss Dalziel.

You can go by bus from Killarney on a glory road around the whole sea-coast of that peninsula. Magnificent purple-black mountains hold up their heads to the sky, ever and ever, one after another, until they are lost from sight. And when you get to the uttermost edge of that world, with the black cliffs behind you, there is nothing below but the blue depths of the sea, nothing ahead but the shining wall of the sky, nothing beyond but air and water stretching forever to America. You will be thinking and thinking of the creation of the world; praise be to God who made heaven and earth!

The day came when I left Killarney and continued my circuit of Eire south and east.

Then we saw many a shrine of the past and many an ancient ruin. Here is a great stone cross, on its lower parts my hand's depth of moss, and on its upper parts a chiselled labyrinth of those Celtic spirals and scrolls and interlacing curlycues. See how even the stone grows old! It breathes of other centuries, of life and art and worship on this island, while other parts of Europe were wild and savage.

A return from the south of Dublin is something of a shock. Trams; traverns; linens and laces as beautiful as in Brussells; busy sweepstakes offices; French restaurants; a portrait gallery of world-famous Irishmen; a polo game; a zoo with the world's finest lions; The Dail, Eire's parliament; Woolworth's; line-ups of people at every cinema.

Eire has its own currency, inter-Oh, money! changeable with English money. All the coins have the harp of Erin on their faces, and some animal or other on their backs. They are delightful to spend. You give two pigs to the bus conductor; or maybe you give him a dog and get a rabbit in change. While you eat a meal, you look over your live-stock and decide what you will part with to the cashier — a fish or a horse. At church you can put a bull on the plate and see the offering-taker bow low at the end of the end of the seat, but that bowing is not on account of the bull; he would bow for anything, even a chicken.

At last it came time for me to go north to the alien province of Ulster, and that was the end of my journeyings in the lands of Eire. Little country, stay green for all travellers!

R. McRoberts.

## THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

ON July 17, I found myself on a train bound for the east. After waiting two years, I was going to visit New York, and the much talked of "New York World's Fair."

A friend and I started out for the fair about ten o'clock one sunny morning. We rumbled along in the dingy subway for about fifteen minutes and then all at once, the fair could be seen in the distance. The New York World's Fair, just imagine it. It looked to be a huge place, and while sitting on the seat in the subway, I said to myself, "I wonder if I will ever be able to see it all."

When I walked through the gates, the first object that caught my eye was the register, at my left, shining brightly in the morning sun. It was about twenty-five feet from the ground. As each fair-goer entered the gate, he or she would be recorded on the register, thus showing how many attended the fair in one day. As we continued on our way, walking quickly, passing in and out of the foreign buildings, I asked, "What does that huge figure standing in the clouds represent?" To my astonishment, I learned that it was on top of the Russian building. I think I may say that this is the most beautiful structure at the fair. It is made of marble throughout, very large and impressive looking with the statues of two great Russian leaders - Lenin and Stalin, a built-in subway, and many other attrac-

Strolling along, we came upon the Canadian building, one for which I had been looking since we started the tour of the fair. With mounties inside and out, I was very proud, as I entered to say that I was a Canadian. Looking at the exhibits in the building, I was much amused to see that Sarnia was designated on a table map by a little red light, which showed when oil was brought on the miniature stage at the rear. This meant that Sarnia was one of the greatest oil refining centres in Canada, if not the greatest.

It was my good fortune to notice in a New York paper, the preceding night, that this day was given over to the people who had the name of Hamburg, Roll, Frankfurter or Mustard. This was a very thrilling experience for me as I could have all the hot dogs I wished for one day. Consequently I had hot dogs for breakfast, hot dogs for dinner, and hot dogs for supper. Believe me, I thought that I would never be able to eat

another hot dog. I was interviewed by several newspapermen, and this article, as well as my picture was found in the morning paper.

"Miss Ruth Mustard, fifteen-year-old, self-styled Canadian hot dog eater, came all the way from Sarnia, Ontario, just to attend this function." Since then I have had many a laugh over those last few sentences.

The house of glass was next on my list of attractions. What kind of a place was this going to be? I had yet to see. I could hardly imagine everything being made of glass but as I entered my thoughts were confirmed. The steps were of glass, the walls of glass (rather inconvenient I should think) and even the bed posts were made of glass. Indeed I had never seen anything quite like it before. The huge objects later confronting me were the perisphere and trylon — all in white, and open to visitor at all times.

Inside, the "World of To-morrow" with its streamlined cars, airplanes and trains, fascinated many a fair-goer. In Borden's building, cows were seen being milked by machine. This was rather an unusual sight, thus amusing many. The House of Jewels contained the famous "Liberty Bell," along with many other precious jewels. The Liberty Bell which came from Philadelphia, has, I believe, quite a history behind it. However, I do know that it contains thousands of pearls and diamonds, costing millions of dollars.

The greatest attraction at the fair, I think, was Billy Rose's Aquacade. In a stadium holding 12,000 people which was always filled, there could be seen the beautiful swimming of Eleanor Holme and Johnny Weismuller. One can hardly describe it in words. After seeing a hundred expert swimmers perform all manner of stunts and tricks, one was left completely breathless. At least, that is how I felt.

Having walked now for many hours, my friend told me that there was still another treat in store for me. She was referring to the fountains and fireworks. The fountain displays were brightly illuminated by many contrasting lights, thus making this a very beautiful spectacle to watch. The fireworks were of many kinds and colours, and also attracted huge crowds each night.

This particular day was nearly over, for it was two o'clock in the morning, and about time for a tired fair-goer to return home for some sleep.

RUTH MUSTARD, 4-A.

# CANADA'S CASTLE

IF I were to ask you whether or not you had ever visited Toronto, most of the answers would be affirmative; but if I were to ask how many of you had ever visited Casa Loma while you were there, I believe most of the replies would be negative.

This is one of the most imposing buildings in Canada. Situated high on a hill, it imperiously commands the country all around it. It is an immense grey brick building with many towers and turrets which makes one think of an ancient English castles. Around it is a high brick wall which makes this illusion even more perfect.

Borrowing designs from many famous European castles, Sir Henry Pellot built this wonderful home with the idea in mind that it might sometime be used as a garrison club, or a military and historical museum. For this reason the building is built very strongly. The main floor is of solid concrete covered with teakwood to stand the heaviest type of artillery. The basement is made large enough to drill a whole regiment.

To reach the castel we ascend some well concealed stone steps from the street. At the top of these steps is a large park full of beautiful trees, shrubs and gardens. This park is at the back of the castle; from here we go around to the front of the building to enter.

Throughout the house the most interesting parts are the floors and the lighting systems. The floors are of imported Indian teakwood and laid on concrete. No nails are used in them. They are fastened together by dove-tailed wedges; and although the castle lay closed for many years, these floors are still in perfect condition. The chandeliers, in many of the rooms, are very elaborate and decorative. There are, also, indirect lighting systems of great beauty.

We enter the building by a great front door and go down the main hall which extends the length of the castle, about three hundred and fifty feet. At the end of this hall is a large roof with windows reaching from floor to ceiling. There are many booths around this room where one may buy all kinds of souvenirs and little booklets. When all of the tourists have looked around at these booths and purchased all the things that they wanted to, our tour of inspection begins in earnest.

To one side of this business centre is a large room which is now used as a ballroom. This was once the library and dining room but the partition between has been removed. The floor of this room seems almost too beautiful to dance on. It is made up of narrow boards laid in a herringbone design. Half of these board are stained light brown and the other half dark brown. The ceiling is hand carved in a design of the coat of arms of the Pellot family. Along the walls are book cases which reach from floor to ceiling. These would contain one hundred thousand vol-The section of this ballroom, which was once the dining room, is separated from the rest by two stately pillars. Its ceiling is carved in a circular design which conceals an indirect lighting system and from the centre of the circle The walls of this hangs a crystal chandelier. ballroom are all panelled in oak which has been delicately carved in a beautiful design.

The kitchens are found behind this great ball-room. These rooms alone could be made into a cottage. The walls and ceilings are made of gleaming white tile. The ceilings are very high and when you enter the kitchen you feel as though you were in a snowy field when the sun is shining.

We came back into the dining room; and, on the other side were six massive doors — three pairs of them. They are made of solid bronze with very thick plate glass. The bronze is carved in a beautiful design, all around the edges of the glass and in dome. These doors lead to the con-In the centre of its beautiful marble servatory. floor is a fountain above which is the most priceless part of the castle — a stained glass dome. This dome is made of various coloured pieces of glass which the sun and rain have perfected until they show a most beautiful diffusion of colour when the sun shines through them. The dome is in perfect condition and should one piece of glass be broken, it would spoil this masterpiece.

On the other side of the great main hall is the drawing room. This is a large room with oak panelling which is completely carved in a design copied from some of the oldest houses in London. The ceiling has an elaborate lighting system; and, the floor is laid in a pattern of squares. On one side of the room is a marble fireplace which was imported from Italy.

Next, let us go upstairs. When we reach the top of the broad staircase we go down a long, narrow, panelled hallway which is copied from one of the hallways of Windsor Castle. The ceiling is made of painting canvas on which Sir

Henry Pellatt planned to have his artist friends paint. Behind the canvas are lights which would have served to light up the hallway as well as the paintings.

Off this hallway are many suites of rooms, fifteen in all. Sir Henry Pellatt's suite consists of an immense bedroom, a wardrobe, a sitting room and a bathroom. The bathroom is marble and has gold-plated fittings. Lady Pellatt's suite consists of a bedroom, a dressing room, a lounge and a bathroom. This bathroom is of soft-toned marble and has silver-plated fittings. There are here several faucets which when turned on, spray various perfumes into the air.

After going thorugh a large unfurnished room we go up a winding stair-case to another large, bare room. After passing through several of these rooms with stairs between we arrive at the tower room. This tower is supposed to be the highest point in Toronto and, on a clear day, you can see all the way across Lake Ontario.

From the tower we come down and go back into the main hall and farther down to the basement and through an underground tunnel which leads out to the stables and servants quarters. In the stables is enough room for about twenty horses. Its tile floors and stalls of Spanish mahogany and brass fittings make one long to be a horse. Above these stables is a room to accomodate over one hundred servants.

Well, our tour is over. As we walk away, we all feel that Casa Loma with its magnificence will not be forgotten soon.

Anna Jamieson, 4-C.

#### SEE SILVER SPRINGS

SIT back in that comfortable chair over by the fire-place and let your thoughts take a journey of several hundred miles — a journey over snow and ice of winter — over fresh rains and delicate greenness, over pink blossoms and fair fragile beauty of spring — into sun-kissed lands and full beauty of summer — Florida.

As the flames flit around that log and you settle back more comfortably, it is not hard to imagine yourself in that "land of the ,sun" enjoying all it has to offer.

There are many scenes I would like to project on that thought screen of yours, but, as you are getting drowsy and the flames are becoming subdued, I will show you one roll of film only, but these pictures, as I saw them cannot be matched anywhere. I want to show you a place, almost indescribable in its great beauty — Silver Springs.

If you will picture a piece of land, fringed with majestic palms, beside which arises a river of sparkling transparency, you may have a birds-eye view of Silver Springs. But as you come closer you will find that this glorious blue water is no longer blue, but is so crystal clear that every fish and aquatic plant is easily discerned.

Here are scenes more fascinating than anything you have ever seen—more beautiful than anything you have ever dreamed.

Silver Springs is really a subterranean river springing from the earth through a vast cavern; over the first mile and a quarter of this underwater fairyland, electrically-driven, glass bottom boats glide. The scenery is entrancing, for

here the plant and animal life concealed from us in ordinary streams is thrown open for our inspection; — here is the clearest water in the world.

From the glass-bottom boats are visible a great many varieties of turtles, fish, and other animal life in their native habitat, as well as many species of plants in wild profusion, some of which are bewitching in their beauty. There are even plants here that bloom and bear fruit under water, one of which is known as eel grass, producing a small white, Bridal Wreath flower, resembling an orange blossom. From these same boats you can see petrified cypress logs, having rested there perhaps for several decades. There are also petrified evergreen trees which appear like decorated Christmas trees when bubbles and fine, white tinsel-like sand sift along their branches.

In some places, the depth of the cave is eighty feet or more, and when plants are viewed from the boat, they appear as a forest must from an aeroplane!

It is in these waters, also, that most under-water films are taken by the movie companies.

In addition to all this enchanting beauty, at certain times music, known as the "Voice of the Trees" comes floating out over the tree tops; so that place might well be called "Paradise."

I think the words of William Jennings Bryan will impress you more than anything further I can say of Silver Springs: "If I were asked to cite one attraction as the chief glory of Florida, it would be her Springs; and the glory of glories is

Silver Springs; God could have made something on earth more beautiful, but He did not do so."

The last picture fades — the room is cold — your fire is out, leaving only glowing embers in

the fire-place; — leaving only glowing embers of your tour to this beautiful Silver Springs.

ELLA CRUICKSHANK, 5-A.

## MY PAST AND PRESENT HOME

BOUT sixteen years ago, I was born in a little village of Duboure, Poland, which was then two miles from the Russian border. This village had a population of about 800 people and these people lived in houses which numbered about five hundred. The houses or rather huts were small and made of mud with about two to three rooms in each. The roofs were thatched with straw, which, when seen from above, looked like woven baskets. A little river, which was a tributary of the Pruth, babbled along through the centre of the village. Right at the edge of the river, there was a pump which supplied the people with their drinking water and also their laundry water. A little trough ran down an incline into a large open tank from which the cattle drank. There were roads from all directions leading into the tiny village. All raw materials were grown in fields outside the village. Such crops as wheat, oats, rye, flax, hemp were among the most important.

My father fought in the Austrian War against the Russians and was taken prisoner by them. Later he returned, but died due to illness. My mother came to Canada to ease the grief of my father's death. I remained in Poland staying at my grandfather's home while my mother traveled to Montreal. When I was eight years of age, my grandparents received a message to send me to my mother. I refused to go at first, because leaving my friends was quite a disappointment to me. By promises of football, baseball and other games, I was tempted, almost forced to

come. We took family pictures in Poland, and went to the passport office in preparation for the trip. I awaited the day when I would board the huge boat and start my voyage.

Then my trip began from Tarnapol with my We took a train to Warsaw, where we met another family also going to Canada. uncle left me at Warsaw with some other travellers going to Canada saying he would be gone only a few minutes. I fell asleep and awoke travelling in a train. The family with whom I had been left said my uncle would meet us at He wasn't there when we arrived and I began to cry. We took a small boat from Danzig to London and from London we took a train to Liverpool. After a two-day stay in Liverpool, we boarded the ocean liner, "Montrose" bound for Halifax, Canada.

Meanwhile my mother had remarried and moved from Montreal to Sarnia. I went to Montreal from Halifax and met my uncle who lived in Canada. Then we went to Toronto to see my step-father who was ill in a hospital. After our arrival in Sarnia, I rested for two weeks. Then, having become partly acquainted with my new home, I started to go to school. difficulty at school, as the teacher could not understand me. However, as I continued to study and meet people, I found less difficulty in speaking. Now I am attending the high school, and am very happy to be in a safe country away from the evils of war across the sea.

STEFAN ZENORA, T-3.



# CORRESPONDENCE

Editor—O. Petro

Casablanca, Morocco.

My Dear Helen:

Excuse me, if I answer only now but I have not receive your letter because I was in France and then I have been a little ill. I have passed a very delightful holiday. Thank you very much for your photograph and the stamp. I send you some stamps. I am also in the 3rd form; at the end of this year I shall have four years of English and Latin. I began to learn these in 6th form.

I am born on the 5 of July in the year 1925. I like also very much Deanna Durbin. She is so delicious. I just have seen with she: "Deanna et ses boys Jean". Pierre Aumont and Michele Morgan are French actors of cinema. I shall be very please to receive the Moving Picture Book. Your Friend,

SUZY BLANK.

France.

Mon Cher Richard:

Vous devez vous demander ce que je deviens et ce que je fais! Peut-etre croyez-vous que je vous ai oublié! Non, mais tous ces èvenements qui sont venus changer le cours de la vie m'ont fait un peu de paisser mes amis.

Ma dernière lettre datait du debout du mois d'Aout et vous annoncait que je partais en vacances au bord de la mer. Ces vacances se sont passeés d'un facon fort agéable, si ce n'est un leger accident d'automobile en arrivant; personne n'a été blessé, heureusement. Mais la fin! Hèlas la guerre. Nous avons du abrèger notre sejour de trois hours. C'ètais la quatrième mobilisation partielle en un an. En un jour les hotels se sont litteralament idés et sur la route de Paris il fallait voir la file des automobiles anglaises qui rejoignaient la Grande-Bretagne.

C'est alors que votre pays se mit à nos cotes. Cette nouvelle fut aucuillie en France avec un cri d'espérance, de n'ose pas dire de joie et eux nouveau de solidauté. Dernierement les affirmations de la propagande nazie suivant laquelle les soldats francais les sculs à se battre, se sont trouvées dèmenties par la nouvelle de l'arrivée

en Angleterre avant de rejoindre la France, du premier corps expeditionaire canadien. Aprês vingt-cinq ans nos vaillant soldats se trouvent cote à cote pour la dèfense du meme ideal.

Jallieu M. Bourgoin, comme partout en France ont pres leur visage de guerre. Le soir est noir à cause du danger aèriel. Partout oú cela est passible, on a creusé des tranchées et le parc est transformé en un labyrinthe de couloirs. Des soldats aiment les veus et donnent le ton actuel. Bien à vous.

ÉTIENNE.

Carpentras, France.

Chère Marion:

J'ai reçu ce matin votre charmant cadeau de Noël et je vous en remercie vivement. Je pense que vous êtes en bonne sainté ainsi que toute votre famille et je vous presenté mes mielleurs voeux de bonheur pour la nouvelle année. Souhaitons qu'elle soit plus clemente que celle qui passe et qu'elle vous la fin de l'horrible cauchemas où nous sommes piongés.

Je pense que vous allez toujours en classe. Présentez-vous un examen à la fin de l'année? Je présente cette année la première partie du baccalauréat, aussi je dois travailler beaucoup. Notre college a été désarganesé par le depart de nombreux professeurs pour la guerre; ils sont maintenant remplacés par des jeunes filles et tout fonenant normalement.

Fait-il froid en Amérique? chez nous il fait très froid, du moins pour nous. Provénçaux habitués à une température des plus moderées et qui ne pouvons viuse sans notre soleil. Nous avons eu de la geige à La Noël et si ce spectacle peu coutumier nous plait un moment, il nous lasse bien vite.

J'ai entendu dire que des troupes canadiens s'éjourneraient peut-être à Carpentras. Avexvous quelqu'un de vos parents qui fasse patie du corps expeditionnire canadien? Si, oui, je ne jeux que souhater qu'il soit parmi ceux qui douvent cantonner à Carpentras.

Je ne veux pas laisser passer le jour de l'an vous envoyer moe ausse, mon petit présent. Et

en lainage. C'est ce qui se porte ici cette année. je vous expédié pas le même courier une écharpe Je souhaite que ce modeste cadeau vous passe autant de plaisir que m'en a fait le vôtre.

Je vous quitte maintenant car j'ai une composition française à faire.

J'espère avoir bientôt une longue lettre de vous et je souhaite que la mienne vous parvienne.

Affecteusement a vous

Suzy.

Gosford, Australia.

Dear Mary:

I was very pleased to receive a letter from you. I have two other pen friends in America, but they live in U. S. A., in Texas and Brooklyn, New York.

First I will try to give you a description of myself. I am fourteen years of age, have fair hair, hazel eyes and freckled complexion. I am about 5 feet, 1 inch tall and 7 stone, 6 lb. (104 pounds).

I have only one sister, Heather, aged 21 years. My father is a commercial traveller for a large firm in Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. Would you tell me more about Lake Huron and its surroundings as it must be very interesting to live so close to the Great Lakes. We learn about them in our geography lessons but that isn't as interesting as hearing it from someone who lives there.

You said in your letter that you were not able to find Gosford on the map. Well it is a town half way between Sydney and Newcastle. Gosford is situated in Hawkesbury River district and it is noted for its fruit-growing industries. It is also a tourist resort having some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

Australia's national flower is the wattle (or mimosa), its bird the Koohaburra (laughing jackass), its tree, the Australian Gum tree, its animal, the kangaroo. What are yours?

I attend Gosford High School and take as subjects, English, History, Georgraphy, maths I, maths II (Geometry), Science, Latin, French and music.

I have just finished my Intermediate Certificate Examination. I have been busy studying for the past three weeks. However, we have to wait until beginning of next February to know whether we have passed or not.

The Intermediate is held as the final examination for students attending high school for three

It is a State examination i.e. all schools all over the state hold this examination at the Professors at the University set the same time. papers and also correct them. The Intermediate Certificate Exam is being cut out in 1941 and a lower Leaving Certificate Exam is taking its place. This will mean that pupils will have to continue to the fourth year before they can obtain this certificate. The Department of Education are doing this to try and raise the school leaving age which is at present 14 years. It is hard to get a position without your Intermediate Certificate, which is a pass of 4 B's (a "B" being generally 50%).

Our school (more about school) "breaks up" next Thursday, 14, December, and tonight we are holding a breaking up frolic for the students. There is a fancy dress parade, dancing and also a tea and we always have a good time.

Thank you very much for those stamps. I think I was first to get one of the two princesses in our class.

MELVA.

Villeneuve, France.

Ma chère Ruth:

J'ai reçu votre lettre juste comme je rentrais à Villeneuve. Puisque Paris n'est pas bonbardé je suis revenue à l'ècole à Paris. Nous n'allons en classe que le matin de  $8\frac{1}{2}$  à 12 heures. L'aprèsmidi nous travaillons chez nous. Il n'y a jamais eu d'alertes. Depuis que je suis revenue. J'ètais très heureuse de retrouver mes parents et mes amies de l'année dernière.

My dear Ruth, I send you and to your parents my better wishes at the occasionny of the New Year's Day and Christmas Day. I will send you a little pacquet for a present. There are two little "Ninette and Rentintin." This is a fetiche to the French soldiers.

I hope that you like them. The Christmas holidays begin on the Saturday 23th of dècember to the Wednesday 3rd of January. I hope out this time knitting to the soldiers. I have a "filleul de guerre." It is a friends that is engaged. I correspond with it and I knitting for it. This name is Andrew en Eglish but in French is André. He is tall and him hair are fair.

It is very cold this year but it is not snowing. I hope that I will go to Show "Patinage." I like this sport. But this winter my parents are don't decided to give me the autousation because this is the war. Kindly remember me to your parents.

Je vous ècrirai plus longuement la prochaine

fais car j'ai beaucoup de correspondence à faire pendant les fetes.

Chère amie je vous envoie mon plus affectueux souvenir.

Votre correspondent française, Simone.

> Sheffield, England, November 7th.

Dear Ellen:

First, I must thank you very much for your interesting letter. I think this is about the ninth week of the war. We have had no more air raid warnings in Sheffield but they have had them in other parts of Yorkshire. There has been a Bill passed that warnings are not to be sounded until the raiders are actually heading towards the town, so I'm hoping we shall never hear them. There is no moon at the present and it's terrible going out in the Black-out. There is not a light to be seen anywhere. If a tiny light is seen through the window, an Air Raid Warden comes knocking at the door.

Our chapel has started a young people's guild. We meet every Sunday night at different members' houses for musical evenings and talk. We have very enjoyable evenings. On Saturday rambles are organized but as I work all Saturday I can't go.

The picture houses and theatres have re-opened so my friend and I go every week just for a We were looking forward to our Operchange. etta and now that's all off, after we had rehearsed for about five or six months. Still we must be thankful we live in England, as everyone is so calm and good-spirited. Have you ever Victered to the German Broadcasting station from Hamburg. It is most amusing. Everything that is said over here is exactly opposite. Thev say we are without food and you should just see Why we haven't started rationing The government has taken large houses for the German prisoners.

Well I must close now — all the best,

MARY.

Portsmouth, England.

Dear Norma:

I am very pleased to know that I have a correspondent. I have wanted one for a long time. I expect that you have heard about Portsmouth as it is the largest naval port in the world. There is a large dockyard near the harbour. The "Victory" is kept here. A great many famous people have lived and died in Portsmouth. Farlington is a small village situated on the outskirts of Portsmouth. The country is very level except for Portsdown Hill, which stands behind Portsmouth.

I go to the Northern Secondary School. have been there for nearly three years, and it is We play netball, hockey, tennis and very nice. We also play baseball. There are cricket. over one thousand pupils in the school. It is for both boys and girls. The boys are kept separate from the girls, although the buildings are on the There are about fifty teachers same grounds. We have to learn two different on the staff. languages, French and Latin. The latter is horrible but I like French. In our fourth year, we can either do domestic science (cookery, needlework and laundry) or commercial subjects (typing, book-keeping and shorthand) or continue with Latin. I shall do the first one.

I also like sports very much. My favourite ones are tennis, swimming and netball. movies very much. My favourite film stars are Nelson Eddy and Jeanette McDonald. I always go to see their films. "Maytime" is the one I have most enjoyed. I like dancing very much and I always go to see Ginger Rogers and Fred We are taught ballroom dancing at Astaire. school. Every Christmas we have a school party, when we have great fun. The mistresses then give us a play. Every week, we each pay a little money towards the Loan Fund. That is to help girls who cannot afford to go to college. bool-s that I read are travel and school stories. I go to a Baptist Church. At Sunday School, I have a class of children to teach, who are six and The church is not very seven years of age. large but there are a great many members, so we are having a larger and better one built.

Two of my school friends are going to South Africa with their parents. I shall be very pleased to receive a photograph of yourself and family and will try to send one of myself to you. I enjoyed your letter very much indeed and it was very interesting.

Yours sincerely,

Eva Waters.



EDITOR—TED GALPIN

## THE MODERN SYMPHONY

IN these days or radio, most of the earliest kind enjoy many kinds of music. The earliest kind N these days of radio, most of us are able to of music was the lilting folk-song sung by the people. The next was church music, about which mediæval music seems to have centred. The next important step in music was the development of the symphony. By symphony we mean a composition of music written in a certain set style to be played in a certain manner, just as a sonnet or a rondeau in poetry has a fixed rhyme. times the term symphony has come to mean also the orchestra which generally plays this type of music. The name symphony seems to have originated when Liszt first published his twelve "Symphonische Dichtungen."

Symphony first came into prominence in the seventeenth century. Haydn is now regarded as the "father of symphony" for he published more than a hundred symphonies. Beethoven and Mozart were his most famous pupils. These two, along with whom we can rank Schumann, were the men who immortalized symphony.

Symphony originated in the masses and cantatas of the church. From these it developed into a musical work in five movements—adagio, andante, allegro, scherzo and finale. From the slow time of adagio, the music increases in tempo through the andante and finally the speed of the allegro. The scherzo is a movement played in a joyous manner, while the finale allows a greater variation and freedom in tempo. The most famous variation of the symphony tone-poem, written in one movement. A good example of a tone-poem is Debrussy's "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune."

During the seventeenth century, also Monte-

verde of Mantua first used an orchestra as opera accompaniment. His early orchestra consisted of harpsichords, violins, viols, lutes, From then on the organs, trumpets and flutes. orchestra became the favourite field for musical composition. At a very early date the violin was chosen to be the lead or solo instrument., mainly because it was the best perfected. Out of all the instruments of the viol class, only the violin, violoncello and double bass has remained in the orchestra. The instruments in an orchestra are determined by the size of the orchestra, and the type of music they wish to play. One authority says a full orchestra should consist of: fourteen first-violins, twelve second-violins, ten violas, eight violoncellos, eight double basses, one harp, three clarinets, a bass clarinet, three bassoons, one contra-fagatto (whatever that is), four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, a bass tuba, and a complete set of drums, (snare, bass, tympani, triangle, cymbals, etc.) It will be noticed that the preponderance of strings is still maintained.

Many famous men have been associated with symphonic music. Excluding those already mentioned, some of the more famous are: Bach, Schubert, Wagner, Strauss, and Tschaikowsky. Although they are important in symphony, most of these men are more famous for other musical works — as Strauss is for waltzes, and Tschaikowsky as a conductor.

Symphony has been popular for hundreds of years, because it has a movement for every mood. Indeed the abundance of really fine symphonies justifies all the appreciation any of us can manifest for this type of music which has made man's life just a little happier through the years.

E. Banks.

# A MUSICIAN AND PATRIOT

EVEN if it isn't in a way she desires, Poland is well centred before the eyes of the world. On this account it may be interesting to bring together some facts about the newly appointed President of the Polish Council in Exile. I refer to Ignace Jan Paderewski, the world renowned master of the keyboard.

Paderewski was born on November sixth in 1860. At the age of twelve he began studying under Raguski at the Conservatorium of Warsaw. Upon graduation in 1879 he was appointed a professor of pianoforte teaching at the early age of 18. He kept this position until 1881 when he went to Berlin to study under Urban and Wuerst. Later he went to Vienna to take instruction from Leschetizhi.

His first public recital was held in Vienna in 1887. In 1889 he performed in Paris. In May of the next year he gave a series of recitals at St. James Hall. Before this he was known to Londoners as composer of his beautiful "Minuet in G Major."

In 1880 he had married Antonina Korsah, a piano student at Warsaw, but a year later he found himself a sad widower. After her death he devoted his life intensively to his musical career at Berlin and Vienna. In 1899 he again married. This time it was Helena Gorska, Baroness de Rosen.

His first work of considerable magnitude was the opera Manra, although besides his famed Minuet he had composed many minor works, usually for his own instrument. His opera was played at Dresden on May 29, 1901. It met with such success that the Metropolitan Opera Co. produced it at New York in the following year.

The high-light of his speech at the unveiling of his memorial at Cracow in 1910 is quoted as: "The vision of a strong and independent Poland has always been the lodestar of my existence. Its realization is still the great aim of my life."

Before the World War broke out Ignace Jan Paderewski was recognized as the wealthiest living musician, but when he was elected "president d'Honneur" of a non-party group of Poles, he threw himself "heart, soul, and pocket-book," into the enterprise. When the war was over his heart and soul were both well intact but his fortune has never begun to reach its heights of pre-war years.

He left the work of government to trustful assistants in Europe to go to America and began campaigning there, giving concerts and recitals

for the charity of Poland. He collected enormous sums of money and his prepaganda must have been just as successful for it caused President Wilon to allude to a united and autonomous Poland.

After the victory of the allies Paderewski disembarked at Danzig December 24, 1918. On reaching Warsaw he declared himself independent of political parties, to form a coalition ministry of which he became prime minister and minister of foreign affairs. In this latter capacity he made the Great Powers of the World realize Poland's international situation.

Due to opposition by a military party, he resigned on Nov. 29, 1919. By February of 1921 he had fully abandoned politics to resume his musical career.

He soon returned to the concert stages of the world as its best pianist. His technique was something new, entirely different from that of any previous players. It permitted him to play fast loud passages without the previous indispensable thumping. It is largly due to him that piano thumper have ceased to exist.

Soon every one of the concert halls where he appeared was filled to the doors by eager audiences. All who could afford the prices to these concerts had heard and seen Paderewski play.

In 1936 he brought his art to a still large audience, by appearing as main attraction in the English film "Moonlight Sonata." This picture was shown in New York in 1938. It appeared in Sarnia during the week ending April 22, 1939. All who saw it then, and heard the great master speak, will realize his ability to use good English. He is a master of many of the well known European languages, and speaks numerous others very fluently. Although this picture has a comparatively poor plot I am sure that everyone who saw it enjoyed it thoroughly.

In 1939 he made another "all too short" concert tour of America. During this time many people heard him in radio broadcasts, of which he made several during his stay.

When the German armies and air force, under the ruthless and insane commands of Herr Hitler began war against his beloved Poland, Paderewski was living in Switzerland. The Polish Council in Exile appealled to him to come to Paris. Here this year he was elected to his present post "President of the Polish Council in Exile." When elected to this position he made, what is in my estimation, his gravest and only mistake in life. This was pledging himself never to touch the

piano till Poland is freed. His music brought such pleasure to many people, and must have meant a lot to him; but a pledge like this won't touch a heartless man like Hitler enough to make him spare one life.

Nevertheless let us all hope and pray that Poland will be freed in time that this greatest pianist of all time may again be willing to place himself in the concert hall and to bring joy to the hearts of his listeners.

ERNEST WESTON.

# SYMPHONY VERSUS JAZZ

Music is divided into two parts, namely, symphony and jazz. Symphony seems to be enjoyed by everyone but more so by older people while jazz is the younger person's choice.

Jazz is defined as "the distortion of conventions of music." By this we mean that orthodox music may be distorted, not only rhythmically, but also in melody and harmony into what is called up-to-date jazz. Swing, which is the equivalent of "hot jazz," is the "distortion of music in its most complicated form. Swing is really improvised variations on a certain theme.

To-day the skilled arranger is much more important than the composer because the pieces that are becoming popular are just old tunes revised. The negroes started swing but the white men have gone much farther with it.

There are many famous writers of modern music. On the screen, the greatest are probably Gordon and Revel and Warran and Dublin, whose main job is to compose pieces for movies. But outside of the screen, the name of George Gershwin will always set a high standard among music lovers. Another famous writer is Hoagy Carmichael who wrote "Stardust" and many other tunes that are listed in the unforgettable class. Other famous popular music writers are Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern whose works are familiar to most of us. It has been proved that jazz is really adaptation and not invention and all signs show toward a greater development along these lines.

The other class of music, symphony, is much different from jazz. It is as we would say, heavier music. A few of the writers of symphonies long ago are, Beethoven, Bach, Brahms and Baccherine. Nowadays modern conductors revise the symphonies of these composers and adapt them to modern orchestrations.

The word symphony has many meanings. One of these is a harmonious combination of voices

and instruments. Another meaning is a concert. In the seventeenth century the word meant a "concerto" for certain vocal compositions accompanied by instruments. But the principal meaning of the word is a sonata for the orchestra.

Symphonies are played in operas. They are just like stories written in music. The players in these operas are famous singers as the singing is the most important part of the opera. A few of the great opera singers of our day are: Lawrence Tibbett, Kirtsen Flagstad, Nino Martini, Gladys Swarthout, Grace Moore and many others. Perhaps the greatest singer the world has ever known was Caruso the great opera singer and there will probably never be a song so beautiful as Madame Schuman Heink's rendition of "Silent Night."

BILL MACKENZIE

# GEORGE GERSHWIN

HEN we stop to consider our neighbours in the United States, and what they have contributed to the world, among the first people we think of are those who have worked painstakingly in the field of music. Many composers have risen to fame in the States, and it is about one of these, namely George Gershwin, that I intend to write.

George Gershwin was born in Brooklyn, New York, on Sept. 26, 1898. When he was still a child, the family moved to New York's East Side, there he grew up. As his parents were not very musical, George's early education in this line consisted of weekly piano lessons started when he was ten years old. He did not prove to be a very diligent student, though he was fond of good music.

When George was fourteen, he composed his first popular song, and realized that he would like to continue work of this type. Although his friends tried to discourage him, he took up the study of harmony under Rubin Goldmark, and when sixteen he was engaged as a pianist for the music-publishing house of Remick. For three years he absorbed jazz, and during this time he wrote a musical comedy, La La Lucille. When twenty, he prepared the musical sccore for George White's "Scandals," and twenty-one he wrote "Swanee," a song which was made popular by Al Jolson.

In 1923 Gershwin met Paul Whiteman, and a firm friendship sprang up between the two men, for both believed in the future of jazz. As a result of this, one day in 1924, Whiteman called his band together, and commissioned Gershwin to

create a symphonic-jazz composition.

Rehearsals went ahead for four weeks, and by then the entire program was ready, with the exception of Gershwin's composition. Of this there was as yet no sign. Frantic, Whiteman himself went to the composer's study, and refused to depart without the music. Unwillingly, and still feeling that it could be improved upon, George gave it up, and Paul commenced rehearsals at once. As soon as he had finished playing it through, he realized that it was an outstanding piece of work which could not be excelled. On the opening night, the audience knew that the climax in the program tracing the development of popular music in America, had been reached when the band played Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

After the concert, George Gershwin's name was on everyone's lips, and all sang his praise. Since then several famous men have made remarks about his work. Walter Damrosch once said that Gershwin had "made a lady of jazz," while Dr. Isaac Goldberg called him "a Colossus, with one foot planted in Carnegie Hall, and the other in Tin-Pan Alley."

After his success with "Rhapsody in Blue," Gershwin continued to write both musical scores for Broadway and serious music in the jazz vein. Among his popular music he wrote "Lady Be Good," "Girl-Crazy," "Strike up the Band," and a Pulitzer Prize satire, "Of Thee I Sing." Among his more serious compositions were a "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra," Cuban Overture," "An American in Paris," and the opera "Porgy and Bess."

In 1928 the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society gave the first performance of "An American In Paris," under the baton of Walter Damrosch. In 1935 The Theatre Guild of New York introduced the opera "Porgy and Bess," Gershwin's most important musical score.

George's main hobby was painting, and some critics have said that he could have been as successful a painter as a musician. Unfortunately for the musical world, Gershwin died on July 11, 1937, and was mourned by all those who had come to know and love his music.

ELOISE TREDWELL, 4-A.

### THE S. C. I. & T. S. SENIOR ORCHESTRA

THE life of the school would be quite incomplete without the services of the S.C.I. & T.S. Senior Orchestra. At each assembly it plays the familiary martial music that aids the staff affect a springy step in their march to the platform and lightens the academic burdens of the students' minds. The concert work of the orchestra is yet to be equalled by any other Sarnia organization, and its presence at school functions is always popluar. For a number of years now the orchestra has been under the capable direction of Mr. W. E. Brush.

Professor Thiele, of Waterloo, heartly congratulated Mr. Brush on the splendid organization he has built up, which, though its members, perforce, change somewhat each year, maintains its high standards from year to year.

Each year crests are given to members who have fulfilled the necessary obligations. In the Lambton County Musical Festival of 1939, the orchestra took first place in the open class. For its rendition of the overture to, "The Barber of Seville," the orchestra secured the high mark of 85 points and the enthusiastic congratulations of

the adjudicator, Captain Hayward. Capt. Hayward expressed pleasant surprise at finding such a capable organization in a secondary school, and wished Mr. Brush and the musicians continued success for the future. So do we all.

Regular members of the orchestra:

Conductor: Mr. W. E. Brush.

Violins: Mr. W. Rogin, Mary Keskanek, Eva Keskanek, Miss Ramsden, Harold Galloway, Dick Young, Mitch Keskanek, Gerard Langan, Ted Galpin.

Bass Violin: Bill Jarvis. Violincello: Betty Foster.

Clarinets: Doug Elliot, Bill Whitely, Bill Mc-Kenzie, Don Hamilton.

Saxophones: Tom Murphy, Bill Anderson.

Euphonium: Bill Whiting.
Trombone: Bob Hammett.
Drums and Bells: Jack Oliver.
Piano: Alex Bedard, Paul Mills.
Cornets: Robert Bury, Frank James.

Trumpets: Donald Parks, Roy McAllister. French Horns: Doug Richardson, Bill Williams.



# BAND

Back Row—T. Galpin, D. Richardson, B. Williams, B. Hammett, N. Foster, K. Marsh, J. Heyes, B. Whiting, H. Passmore.
Middle Row—B. Shaw, B. Barr, B. Elder, A. Bedard, D. Parks, D. Hallam, F. Janes, D. Rhodey, D. Passmore, D. Shanks.
Front Row—B. Bury, B. Watson, D. Hamilton, D. Elliott, J. Oliver, T. Murphy, B. Anderson, B. MacKenzie, L. McLean.



## ORCHESTRA

Back Row—B. Anderson, F. Janes, B. Bury, B. Whitely, B. Williams, D. Richardson, J. Oliver. Middle Row—B. Hammett, Mr. Brush, T. Galpin, D. Hamilton, D. Elliott, A. Bedard, B. MacKenzie, T. Murphy, G. Langan, P. Mills. Front Row—H. Galloway, Mr. Rogin, E. Keskanek, Miss Ramsden, B. Foster, M. Keskanek.

## THE S.C.I. & T.S. BAND

THE S.C.I. & T.S. was one of the first of the secondary schools in Canada to have its own band. Under Mr. W. E. Brush the experienced musical director of the S.C.I. & T.S., the band always receives high credit from school rugby fans, and at Cadet Inspection. Last year the band distinguished itself at the Waterloo Band Festival by capturing first place in the open boys' band contest with the highest mark ever given in this class. This band also did very well at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. During the Royal Visit to London, Ont., the band was honoured by being selected to play the National Anthem in farewell to our Sovereigns. All in all the school is well supplied with music of all types.

#### Personnel

Conductor: Sergeant-Major W. E. Brush. Clarinets: Doug Elliott, Thomas Murphy, W. Whitely, Paul Simpson, Wm. Anderson, Don Hamilton, Wm. McKenzie, Wm. O'Neil, J. Gowie, B. Galpin .

Flute: Robert Harrington.

Baritones: Bill Whiting, Ted Galpin, D. Shanks, B. Manser.

Trumpets: Rob't. Bury, Don Parks, Don Hallam, Roy McCallister, Frank Janes, D. Rhodey, Don Shanks, Bob Shaw, Doug. Passmore.

Horns: Doug Richardson, William Williams, Rob't. Elder, Owen Walker, Wm. Barr.

Saxophone: Bert Watson.

Trombones: Rob't Hammet, Art Keyes, Norman Foster, Ken Marsh, Ernest Weston, B. Daly.

Basses: Wm. Jarvis, Wm. Shaw, Wilbur Passmore.

Drums. Alex Bedard, Jack Oliver, Willard Graham, Clemence Brakeman.

# THE S.C.I. & T.S. GLEE CLUB

THIS organization has many vocally-minded students in its ranks. Although a recent organization at the school, it has proven very popular and under Mr. Herman Sperling, its maestro, it adds much to the musical life of the school. The Glee Club sang at Commencement, in the School Show, and will enter the May Festival.

A girls' chorus will also be entered in this festival. The Glee Club presented successfully "The Magazine Princess" this spring. It speaks well for the cultural life of the city when its students take such an active part in so many musical activities.

## THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

THE Junior Orchestra is the proving ground for young musicians who aspire to play some day in the Senior Orchestra. In it are public school students and juniors of the High School.

This organization can also give a creditable performance in public, and marches from triumph to triumph in the annual May Festivals under its able conductor, Mr. Brush.

## **MUSIC CLASSES**

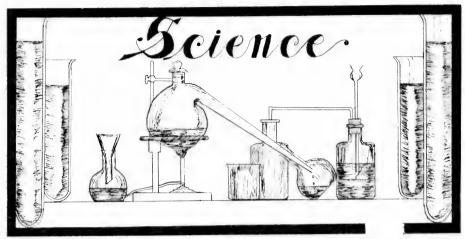
Under the new curriculum music has an important part in education. As a result, music is now a favourite study at the S.C.I. & T.S. Mr. Sperling is the popular teacher of this subject.

It is hoped that music may eventually become one of the matriculation subjects taught at the school. Mr. Sperling often leads the school assemblies in sing-songs which are heartily enjoyed by all.

## **MUSIC CONCERTS**

FTEN the Music Association's concert artists performs for the students Their programmes are much enjoyed by all. Among

those especially remembered this last year are: The Joyce Trio, Miss Ania Dorfman, Miss Hertha Glatz, and Miss Anne Jamison.



Editor — J. Allingham

Our hearty thanks to Dr. R. K. Stratford, chief chemist at the Imperial Oil, for setting aside some of his valuable time to judging the science section. His diagnosis is as follows:—

"My basis for judgment took three factors into consideration, viz., presentation, interest of the subject matter to the reader and originality.

You will note that I have considered two papers of equal merit for first place and I should like to comment briefly upon them as follows:

(a) The Shrapnel Shell

The author of this paper has presented a very complete description of a difficult subject in a comparatively short article. The art of being brief without sacrificing clarity or completeness is a difficult one, but the writer has succeeded very well in this case, with the help of a good descriptive drawing.

(b) Modern Fashions

This paper describes what might be referred to by many as a "dull subject" in a very interesting way. From the information which is presented the reader is able to gather some interesting facts about the past as well as of things to come, as far as fashions are concerned.

The writers and your editorial board are to be congratulated in producing such an interesting group of papers."

## THE SHRAPNEL SHELL

THE thing the front-line infantryman fears most is the shrapnel shell. He fears it because there is no protection from it, and because it is designed for his destruction alone. If one lands within twenty feet of him, he would be better dead, for if he is not killed instantly, he is almost sure to be maimed or horribly crippled.

Shrapnel was invented by a British officer of that name. It was first successfully used by the British during the Boer War. The successor of grape-shot, shrapnel is one of the more complicated projectiles, in comparison with which the big, naval, armour-piercing shells are nothing but "glorified rifle bullets." Besides its destructive power, a shrapnel barrage is very demoralizing to the men who must endure it.

A shrapnel shell consists of three distinct parts; the propelling charge, encased in a canister, which shoves the shell through the air; a metal casing containing the shrapnel bullets and bursting charge; and the nose of the shell which acts as a fuse.

The canister is a smooth brass container tapering slightly towards the end. It is about a foot and a half long, and has a base of brass which projects beyond the lower edge of the cylinder. This ring provides a grip for the ejecting mechanism of the gun after the shell has been fired. In the centre of the base on the inside is a percussion cap of soft metal containing mercuric fulminate, a very high explosive made from fulminic The entire inside of the canister is filled with a smokeless explosive called cordite. Cordite is a marvel of chemistry, for so many things are necessary in its production. It is made up of 60% nitroglycerine, 35 % gun cotton and 5% mineral jelly. These percentages often vary. Gun cotton is made up of ordinary cotton soaked

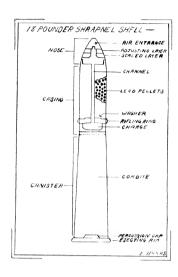
in a three-to-one solution of concecntrated sulphuric and nitric acids, while nitro-glycerine is made by adding glycerine to the same acids in a ratio of four to one. Glycerine is obtained by the action of superheated steam or alkalies on fats and oils. This is why fats are so needed by Germany today.

To this canister is fastened the shell proper, a much more complicated mechanism, made of pressed iron. In the Great War it was machined, but this has proved too laborious for Herr Hitler's "Blitzkrieg." It fits into the canister with a waterproof joint and begins to taper gently towords the nose. About three inches from the base ,running like a moulding around the shell is a band of soft copper about an inch wide. When the gun is loaded, the shell is rammed into the spiral rifling grooves of the gun, and the soft copper is scored into them. Thus, when the gun is fired, the shell follows the grooves of the rifling, and leaves the barrel spinning. This tends to increase the accuracy of fire.

Near the base of the casing is a bursting charge. Through the washer and the middle of the shell runs a tubular channel. This channel is connected to the nose, and it is by means of this that the shell is loaded with the bursting explosive. The remaining space in the shell is filled with small lead pellets set in resin, a vegetable compound of oxygen, carbon and hydrogen. During the last war the belligerents often substituted nails and sharp iron for the pellets.

The nose of the shell, a cleverly contrived fuse which screws into the casing, is made up of four brass sections, each delicately machined. lower layer of the four screws into into the casing and is connected with the channel. The next layer is graduated in tenths of a second up to twenty-two seconds. The third layer is adjustable while the fourth layer at the top screws permanently onto the core of the lower layer. contains two holes for air entrances. The under side of each of these layers is grooved and bored so that a continuous channel connected with these two holes is formed. When the shell is going through the air, the air rushes into these holes, and travels through the channels until it comes to a cap. When a certain pressure is built up a spring is released and a cap explodes. Since the movable layer regulates the length of the channel through which the air must travel, it is possible to regulate the time at which the explosion takes The explosion of the cap ignites the bursting charge, and the casing, nose, and bullets

carry on their downward flight of destruction separately. Hence, it is easy to see that not only the bullets may cause a wound, but also the sharp ragged fragments of the casing and nose.



Now let us see what occure when a gunner fire an eighteen-pounder. The firing pin of the gun strikes the percussion cap in the canister, and the shot is hurled into space by the expansion of gases caused by igniting the cordite. When the air rushes into the air entrances of the nose as the shell speeds along, the air pressure is built up, and the shell explodes in the manner already described. The pellets, casing, and nose, blown apart, continue falling with the speed given them by the shell, but as they go, they spread over a large area. When shrapnel falls it comes down in a deadly sprinkle, unlike a bomb which explodes upward at a considerable angle. Since the pellets are made of soft lead, they splash when they hit anything — like a dum-dum Thus a soldier hit by a half-inch pellet may suffer a wound two inches across. serious wounds, however, are caused by the sharp pieces of the casing and nose.

Perhaps now, we far from the lines of battle, can easily see why the soldier seeks whatever shelter he can when the first white puffs of shrapnel death appear in the sky above him.

E. BANKS.

## MODERN FASHIONS

WHEN you put on your afternoon frock, or your newest party dress with the imitation bustle, do you ever stop to think where that style originated? Because I am specializing in dress-making, I am going to retell a few interesting and novel facts about the origin of

some of our currently popular styles.

The bustle First, let us think of the bustle. originated about the time of the Renaissance in It was then known as France about 1530. the farthingale, and it took many forms such as the hoop, crinoline, panier, pouff and bustle. The vogue lasted for about three hundred years. The exaggerated bustle that was popular in the nineteenth century was commonly known as a Sitting down with one of "dress improver." those twelve-inch bird cages and several yards of heavy drapery was a definite problem in manners which this fast-moving generation would find Imagine the adjustments that hard to master. would have to be made. Bustles would have to ride the Bronx express at rush hours; bustles would somehow have to be manipulated through revolving doors. They would have to wedge their way into modern kitchenettes and tiny breakfast nooks and adjust themselves to the tennis court and golf links. The bustle may look smart, in its modified form on an evening formal but for anything else it is very impractical; and besides, would not the men have the laugh on us if we set out to play tennis in a bustle.

And now I shall deal with the peplum. Originally a peplum was shaped like a voluminous shawl thrown over one arm and then wrapped around the body. It was worn by both Greeks and Romans and was frequently ascribed to female divinities, notably the goddess Minerva. a peplum is a short piece of material extending from the waist to the hips of a dress and is often

flared at the sides or back.

Even if the men to try to make fun of some of our clothes, they have not any grounds for doing so because some of the styles which we wear, were originally worn by men - for instance, the The word "petticoat" literally means —a small coat. As early as 1412 it was the name of the small coat worn by men beneath their doublets. As early as 1464 there is mention of women, girls, and young boys wearing petticoats in essentially the same form as we know them today. The fullness in skirts lately has probably been responsible for the revival of petticoats.

All you girls like boleros but do you know

where they originated. The bolero, as we know it today, applied to an article of clothing, can be traced to the Spanish dance of the same name in which the dancers wore short jackets. Bolero is a dance in three-quarter time accompanied by singing and castanets, and is intended to represent the course of love from extreme shy-

ness to extreme passion.

We, as girls, think snoods are smart, but I expect the men think they look like fancy wire netting tied over our curls. Be that as it may, the word snood is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning twist or twine. It was the name given to a fillet, formerly worn by young women in Scotland to hold their hair in place. Incidentally you young Scotch lassies should be quite proud of this revival of a fashion which originated in bonnie Scotland. The snood was considered emblematic of maidenhood and when a girl married, it was exchanged for a coif, a cap resembling a night cap tied under the chin.

Now that I have passed lightly over some of the fashions and their origin, I should like to mention some of the really new materials developed by chemistry. When I have reviewed such materials as Fiberglas and Lanital, I hope you will appreciate how great a part science is playing in our modern textile industry. The fabrics are not in general use as yet but no doubt with improvement

they will be in years to come.

The first synthetic textile I wish to deal with is Fiberglas. In 1931, after years of diligent effort, the Owens-Corning Glass Corporation perfected a machine that would produce coarse fibrous glass. This is used chiefly for air filtering and insulation. Succeeding experiments made the fibre better, and in 1935 the experimental laboratories of the corporation were turning out very fine glass fibres that were strong and pliable enough to be woven into cloth — cloth that could be woven and folded without splitting or breaking.

Fiberglas begins just as most other glass. is a combination of sand, limestone, soda ash and a few other simple ingredients. Of course, the formula is very scientifically worked out. the fibre, the melted glass is placed in a machine which molds the glass into small greenish balls exactly like marbles. These marbles are dropped into a special electric furnace which melts them into a white hot liquid. In the base of the furnace are very tiny holes. As the glass is drawn through these minute openings it looks like a man-made spider web. If you touched these you

would expect them to break into a formless mass, yet these web-like strands of glass have the tensil strength of steel. They are so strong that they can be wound on spools racing at the rate of a mile a minute. Single strands of Fiberglas have been drawn more than five thousand miles long.

Actually, one hundred and two of these fine filaments are drawn together to make on finished strand of Fiberglas and at least two strands are combined to form the finest thread. After that, it only remains to weave the thread into cloth of many kinds on standard textile machinery.

Fiberglas is washable, flame proof and mildew proof. It will neither shrink nor sag and is exceptionally long wearing. At the present time it is being used, still experimentally for the most part, for window draperies, shower curtains, neckties, lamp shades, and for gauze and net curtains. Theoretically, curtains made of Fiberglas are everlasting.

The Owen-Corning Glass Company had an exhibit at the New York World's Fair. They did not recommend the fabric for clothing although garments have been made of it for experimental purposes.

Nylon comes next on the list. Nylon, produced by the Rayon du Pont Company, is particularly interesting because it is made from coal, air and water. It differs from rayons in that it contains no cellulose. Nylon has been subject to lengthy experiment and severe tests, and has been proven to possess greater strength-elasticity than any other fiber now in general use. The fibers can be drawn as fine as a spider's web and show no signs of break or strain.

Probable uses of Nylon in the future are for knit goods, dress materials, bathing suits, underwear, bead cord, draperies and upholstery. At the present time Nylon is being used for fishing line, sewing thread, the bristles of hair and tooth brushes, and is particularly successful in hosiery, although they are not being sold generally, they have been put on sale in some of the more exclusive stores in New York. Nylon stockings are extremely sheer and long wearing — experiment has shown that one pair can be worn as

long as three months without mishap. Girls, won't our fathers be glad when we can wear this kind of stockings!

Who would ever think that milk could be used to make a wool-like fabric? No matter how impossible you may think this to be, the fact remental laboratories of Saia Viscose in Italy undermains that it is quite true. In 1935 the experitook to discover new artificial fibers from animal substances. The result was "Lanital," a fabric made from milk, which is very similar in appearance and characteristics to wool. It is interesting to note that the amount of wool produced by one hundred sheep in one year is equal to the amount of Lanital produced in five minutes by the new method of Saia Venose.

To produce Lanital the process is as follows: After being weighed, the milk passes into a separator which separates the cream from the milk. after which the cream is churned into butter and becomes a regular dairy product. The skim milk is turned into a boiler in which the casein which is used to make the fabric, is separated The casein is then dried and from the whey. immersed in a mixer where it is treated by various chemical solvents. The solution thus obtained passes into what is known as a "ripening reservoir," where the solution solidifies forming filaments which are cut, washed, and dried. The filaments are then ready for spinning and weaving.

Since it was discovered five years ago, Lanital has been constantly improved and has been brought to standards inferior only to those of the finest wools. Its tenacity, both dry and wet, is equal to about two thirds that of rayon; its softness and elasticity have been increased; it is unshrinkable and it is soft and warm to touch. This used for any purpose for which wool is used. It milk fabric is so similar to wool that it can be is frequently mixed with staple fibres to form a fabric like lambskin known as "moutonette."

Although these fabrics are not in general use at present, who knows but perhaps in the not too distant future we may be clothed entirely in synthetic fabrics.

SHIRLEY CRAWFORD, T4.

# THE WONDER OF WIRELESS SIGHT

John L. Baird, Pioneer of Television

WE shall be seeing at a distance next," was the first remark made after A. Graham Bell invented the telephone. This prophecy was probably meant only for a joke at first but it re-

mained in the minds of scientists, until one day in October, 1925, when a poor young Scottish inventor, John L. Baird, suddenly saw on the screen of his home-made apparatus the image of

a dummy head in the next room. The prophecy had become a scientific fact.

To appreciate this achievement we must first know something about the long search for the secret of television and about the patient scientist who has given us "long distance eyes."

Television was for a long time only an unbelievable dream but, as many other far-fetched dreams have materialized during recent decades,, seeing through walls has also. This scientific discovery is based upon many scientific facts which time and space will not allow me to fully discuss.

The first was the discovery of the light-sensitive selenium and the first fractional part of the riddle—the possibility of turning light into electrical impulses — was solved. By the aid of selenium pictures were reproduced by telegraphy in 1907, when a picture of King Edward VII was transmitted by Koen, a German, in twenty minutes.

Hertz's discovery of 1888 was more valuable to the progress and possibilities of the invention of television. This was the discovery of wireless waves which make broadcasting possible. The discovery of the photo-electric cells combined with the wireless waves made it possible to transmit scenes faster. Another difficulty arose. The photo-electric cells were not sensitive enough.

There was no further advance made until developments in the wireless, especially Sir John Fleming's invention of the thermionic valve, encouraged the pioneers of television to redouble their efforts. The real stumbling block however was the discovery of a light sensitive device speedy enough and sensitive enough to permit the transmission, not of vague shadows but of clear, sharp, complete pictures at the speed of twelve or more per second. All this was conjured by the inventive genius of John L. Baird, from the apparatus to the creation of which he so tirelessly devoted himself.

The inventive genius in John L. Baird showed itself at all times through his youth into manhood. After the world war, he invented a patent sock which kept the feet warm and dry in any weather. From this invention money flowed in from all directions but in a short time his health broke down and he was forced to sell his business to a Glasgow merchant. Several times he started different trades but each time his health gave out and he was forced to rest.

Barred from business life he at once turned agan ito scientific work and was attracted to the investigation of television which had also interested him while a student. He settled down in a room over a shop in Queen's Arcade, Hastings, and it was here that his first small step towards television was successfully accomplished six months later. Before a small audience Baird transmitted coarse shadows from a transmitter to a receiving apparatus. The first step was made. Baird's hopes were fired.

The apparatus was made out of an old tea chest and an empty biscuit box. The projection lens was a bull's eye lens which cost about twenty cents; the driving mechanism was a toy electric motor which cost less than one dollar and twenty cents.

This experiment aroused the interest of a cinemotograph proprietor who bought a share in the work for nine hundred dollars.

Twelve months later Baird succeeded in transmitting objects in black and white. Then he was ready to go back to London to seek funds to further his work.

He secured an attic room in Frith Street, Soho, He felt now that television for his workroom. was just around the corner. His funds ran short and he had to beg aid from his friends. A small company was formed and the great search pressed In March, 1925, Mr. Gordon Selfforward. ridge heard of Baird's experiments and visited the attic room. He was given a demonstration and saw a crude outline of a mask transmitted from one room to another and the mask could be made to wink by holding a piece of white paper over Mr. Selfridge paid a very large sum the eye. to have it displayed at his store for two weeks and this aroused great public interest.

In October, 1925, he succeeded in receiving upon the screen a real image with details. He then induced a boy to stand before the transmitter for fifty cents and his head clearly appeared on the screen.

A detailed description of this apparatus would be too technical to understand by any but the expert but the principal behind it is as follows:

The reflected light from the scene to be televised is collected by means of a lens—just as it is when focusing a camera and this light is focused upon the light of a sensitive cell. Interposed between the cell and lens are three rapidly revolving discs. The first, bearing a succession of round lens in staggered formation, revolves at a rate of eight hundred revolutions per minute and breaks up the image into strips. The second is provided with a large number of radial slots and revolves about four thousand times per minute further cutting up the light ray. The third disc

has a spiral slot and revolves more slowly.

The combined effect of these discs is to cause the whole of the image to fall on the light sensitive cell in a quick continuous chain of tiny areas of varying brilliance in one-tenth of a second. The light reflected from the shadows is naturally dim, while from the highlights of the scene it is comparatively bright. The cell transforms these rapid variations of light into electric current variations which are transmitted to the receiving apparatus by wire or wireless after being amplified.

At the receiver the apparatus is somewhat on the lines of that used at the transmitter although in a rather simplified form. Similar revolving discs are interposed between the source of light, a glow discharge lamp, and the ground-glass screen. The incoming varying current causes the light to vary in a corrseponding manner to the variations of the cell at the transmitter; the discs break up the light and throw it on the screen reconstructing the scene.

The next two years were spent in further experiments until in 1927 recognizable images of persons were transmitted from London to New York. Since then great improvements have been made in television and now receiving sets are beginning to appear on the markets and in a few years receiving sets shall probably be as common in the home as the radio is now. That unbelievable dream of seeing through walls has now materialized and will soon be perfected.

JESSIE ALLINGHAM, 4-A.

# THE RADIO LIGHTHOUSE

NE of Signor Marconi's radio inventions is the radio lighthouse which will work in conjunction with the radio compass to rob the ocean of its terrors.

The radio lighthouse operates very much as does the ordinary lighthouse, except that it projects a wireless signal wave instead of a beam of light. This radio wave can, of course, penetrate the densest fog which would render an ordinary lighthouse useless. Each radio lighthouse will be assigned four five-letter signals, one for each fifteen degrees of the circle through which its beam passes.

To the listening operator on board an approaching steamer the signal letters will sound faintly as the beam swings around toward the segment of the circle in which his ship is located. Circling slowly past, the dots and dashes will sound louder and louder and then gradually die away as the beam travels onwards. The operator notes the middle letter of the series which he has heard and by referring to a special chart he can obtain the exact bearing of the lighthouse, which corresponds to the middle letter of the signal.

A test lighthouse has been built between South Foreland Cape and the Goodwin Sands on the English Channel, the scene of many a disastrous ship-wreck. Experiments conducted with this lighthouse have proved conclusively that the radio beam will enable a navigator to ascertain his posi-

tion exactly even when blanketed by a fog which hides from view any object beyond the ship's own bows.

The receiving apparatus is so simple and inexpensive that even fishing boats will be able to afford it, and the letters are transmitted so slowly that a trained operator will not be required to read them. The sending apparatus, consisting of a huge vacuum tube transmitter, powerful generating machine and the tremendous revolving aerial which flashes the warnings, is exceedingly complicated and expensive to construct, but the disasters which its use will prevent far outweigh the cost of construction.

Another application of radio to the conquest of fog has been made at the entrance of the Firth of Clyde, in Scotland, where a radio actuated foghorn has been installed. The transmitting apparatus is set up on the shore about a mile and a quarter distant from the fog horn proper, but the operator causes the horn to speak or hold its voice at will by means of radio waves. The receiver consists of two tube unit for detecting and amplifying the incoming signals, and a two tube unit for operating a moving coil relay. The receiver needs attention only once every three months, when the batteries must be recharged and the tube replaced.

PAT KUMSKY, 3-C.

## COSMETICS OF THE PAST

COSMETICS were used to cleanse the skin, to allay skin troubles, to cover up imperfections and to beautify. They have been used by both

men and women since the earliest times.

When the ancient Egyptian lady repared for a night at court, she took at first an artificial bath.

This bath was needed because of the terrific heat of the Egyptian land and it gave the skin a balmy and pleasing effect. She applied perfumed oils liberally to her body and reclined before large mirrors of polished steel, while slaves rubbed her smooth skin smoother. Both men and women used crude cosmetics at this time but these cosmetics were used mostly in the embellishment of the ladies' eyes. The under side of the eyes was painted green, and black paint was applied to the lids, lashes and eyebrows with an ivory stick.

When Nero became emporor of Rome in 54 A.D., cosmetics had assumed an important role in his court. He himself used cosmetics liberally, and his wife, Poppoea, made no secret of the artificiality of her toilet. The Roman lady applied white chalk and lead to her skin to make it whiter; she painted her cheeks and lips red with fucus, a sort of rouge; and she blackened her eye-lids, lashes, and eyebrows with Egyptian hohol. Barley-flour and butter was used to cure skin eruptions and pumice-stone was used to whiten The ultra-fashionable Roman lady the teeth. owned a blonde wig, which was held in high uput, which she dusted with a golden powder. sprayed a fine powder into her eyes to make them seem larger and more brilliant; she visited the masseuse, the hairdresser, and the pedicurist; she gargled with scented lotions, and she even scraped her tongue with little steel prongs, some of which have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

Queen Elizabeth introduced the use of wigs and perfumes into England; Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, washed her hair in diluted honey; Nell Gwyn rubbed her teeth with a stick dipped in gun-powder and washed her red hair with the burnt root of hemp and cabbage. Ladies of refinement, much too superior to dye their hair, would soak their red tresses in Macassar-oil to

They used eldersubdue the riotous colour. flower or cucumber lotion to dispel sun-burn, and tea-compresses to brighten tired eyes. for making a beautiful complexion at the time of Queen Elizabeth was to take at first a very hot bath to induce excessive perspiration. then to wash the face with plenty of wine to make it fair This treatment was fairly expensive and ruddv. even in those days and Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have even bathed in wine, on which account she applied for an increased allowance. elder ladies of the court enjoyed the luxurious habit of bathing in wine, but the younger ladies had to be content with milk. Milk was indispensable to beauty, and in the later years the ladies of the court adopted a new practice of powdering the hair, but this soon fell into disuse. By 1770 cosmetics were used to such an extent by all classes that a bill was introduced into parliament containing the following drastic provision: "That all women, of whatever age, rank, prefession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's subjects, by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law, in force against witchcraft, and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

The emperor of France, Napoleon I, was very susceptible to the artistic refinements of his time, and the Empress Josephine used cosmetics until her death. The French of this period made a definite move to place cosmetics on a scientific basis, and to-day in both Europe and America the manufacture of cosmetics is one of the most interesting and scientific businesses.

NORMA BRUNER, 4-B.

## NATURE GIVES WAR A HAND

ATURE'S law that only the fittest shall survive taught the enemies of the animal kingdom the arts of war long before mankind ever thought that war was an art.

All animals in some way have means of protection. Perhaps it is in the shape of their body, their mode of fighting or various other ways by which they protect themselves.

Of all the tricks used by the untamed creatures of the sea, air and forest that have been copied by man in their struggle against each other the chief is camouflage. Nature uses three meth-

ods for making a thing difficult or impossible to see. Sometimes animals have large splashes of white or other colour across their hide so that the general shape of the body is lost when sighted by an enemy. Other animals have white stomachs which make them invisible from below.

Many animals have protective colouration that is the colour of their coat matches their surroundings. The African kudu has white stripes across its back which helps to make its general shape invisible. Snakes and fish have light stomachs. The giraffe also has a white stomach. This pro-

tects them from being attacked from below. Many animals like the northern hare in summer have grevish brown coats which make them invisible against the greyish grasses and the ground. In winter when the snow arrives their fur turns The ermine's fur which is very valuable also turns white in winter.

This means of protection has been copied by the Finnish soldiers who have greatly harassed the Russians while wearing white uniforms which made them invisible against the snow. aeroplanes and larger buildings have been given a coat of camouflage in order to protect them from the enemy.

When men invented poison gas, they thought they had something new. But nature also had the trick up its sleeve for a long time. Ants and the skunk have for a long time known about this Some ants have a syringe through which they secrete a fluid when attacked. The skunk as everyone knows excretes a gas which is very unpleasant and through which few animals dare to

Was it the porcupine, the cactus, or the bramble bush that inspired men to use barbed wire entanglements. Anyone who has ever picked berries or come in contact with the quills of a porcupine knows the protection that these barbed spines give Similarly in warfare to the plant or animal. to-day barbed wire entanglements are built along the front of the battle line to hinder the progress of the enemy.

The idea of streamlining seems to have been copied from the sea-gull or the albatross. Streamlining is an old trick of nature. Most fish are streamlined. A few of these are the whale, shark and the tuna fish. It is only recently that stream lining has been adapted to cut down the resistance of the air and now is extensively used in almost all forms of military machinery.

The parachute, which is being widely used in

air warfare, has been used by animals since the beginning of time. The flying lemur, an animal about the size of our domestic cat, has membranes connecting its legs when spread form a parachute which enables the lemur to make a sweeping leap from a high bough to a lower one. The flying squirrel also has folds of extra skin which enables it to float in the air.

Was the first tank the slow-moving awkward rhinoceros? Protected by armor made of thick skin, he mounts on his nose a foot long horn, which corresponds to a tank's gun. Like a tank, he pushes over things rather than go around them.

The first warning of a shark's approach is the sight of the dorsal fin racing through the water, as the fish darts towards its victim. Similarly the periscope appearing above the water warns sailors of a subamrine. The torpedo destroys surface craft and larger boats in much the same way a swordfish attacks its prey. The swordfish's weapon is a continuation of its upper jaw, so strong it can penetrate the sides of a ship. The torpedo from a submarine can penetrate the hull of the greatest warships afloat.

Perhaps the animal that resembles the advance of a column of soldiers with fixed bayonets is the This animal which has two long horns on its forehead rushes at its enemy at top speed. The horns which are very strong and tapered will inflict a deadly wound into the enemy. Similarly as the column attack with fixed bayonets firing everything in front is destroyed.

Man thinks that he has advanced the arts of warfare almost to perfection. But in most cases he has copied his inventions from the things of These creatures for centuries have used methods to protect themselves while man has only recently been able to discover their value in modern warfare.

H. Moulton.



## DATE BUREAU

#### FOR BOYS ONLY

- 2636-W-We'll have more of that!
- 3295-W-"Oomph" girl.
- 1991-W-Titian beauty.
- -Nice work if you can get it! 2622
- 2039-W—She'll do in a clinch
- 2241-W——She's no wallflower! 1513 —Double date.
- —She's a dancing co-ed! 1053

- FOR GIRLS ONLY (Remember it's Leap Year)
- -Answer to a maiden's prayer. 379
- 2074 -Life of the party.
- 1586 -Play boy.
- 3072-J —Glamour pants. 2249 —"There's gold in them thar hills."
- 2744 —Do you go for readheads? 2404-W—Football hero.
- 1773-W-Don't let 1015-I know.



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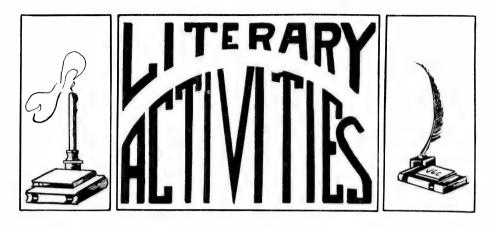


The regular class schedules, or even the weekly meetings of the various school organizations would soon become monotonous if it were not for some irregular activities. Some are anxiously awaited for months while others are surprises. One of the latter type was Mr. Dent's visit to the school when he addressed the assembly about his vacation in Mexico. Beginning with this event we will bring back to your memory a few more, in order of occurrence.

- April 28 Mr. Dent, ex-teacher, addresses assmebly.
- May 6 Baseball game held on campus with score, cadet officers, 29; teachers, 11.
  - 9 Art department gives puppet show for band uniform fund.
  - 17 Open night 7:30-10:00 p.m.
  - 17 Death of W. J. Batten, a promoter of the magazine.
  - 19 Annual Swimming Meet is held.
  - 26 Miss Mabel Dempsey celebrates her 17th birthday. Cadet Inspection 1:30 p.m. (page 87). Cadet Dance 9:30 p.m. (page 75).
- June 1 Girls' Gym display at Athletic Park, exhibits abilities of 550 girls of school (page 77).
  - 7 School Band plays farewell to Royal Family at London, Ontario.
  - 13 Cadet Rifle tea mtakes 2nd place in R. M. C. competition.

- 14 Final assembly of term.
- 24 School Band wins First Prize at Water-loo Tattoo (page 61).
- 29 Alex Bedard wins 2nd prize for Ontario for Temperance essay entitled "Alcohol versus Motor Car."
- July 18 Announced that Cadet Corp wins dis-
- Aug. 14 School Band plays engagement at Shetland Picnic.
  - 18 Rifle team takes 3rd place in Dominion shoot at Ottawa (page 92).
  - 21 E. G. Asker, drafting instructor, reports to Observer on conditions in Germany after his "three weeks'" stay there.
- Sept. 15 Boys Athletic Executive elected (page 84).
  - 22 Freshettes' reception (page 74.)
- Oct. 4 Rugby season opens Port Huron, 12; S.C.I., 0.
  - 5 Freshies' reception page —).
  - 6 Field Day (pages 79 and 85.)
  - 12 In the morning assembly Mr. Sparks Institute for the Blind. In the afterspoke on behalf of the tag-day of the noon at 1.30 p.m. senior students were pleased to hear Major T. H. Carter's autobiography of life in Africa. He was a close friend of Lawrence of Arabia.

(Continued on page 75)



Editor-J. Nelson

IT IS becoming evident that literary activities are playing an increasingly important part in the life of the students of the S.C.I. & T.S. This interest is no doubt partially due to the appreciation of good literature given the students by the new course of study, and to the efforts of many of the teachers in encouraging the pupils to speak before the class whenever possible.

The debating club remains the only literary organization in the school but there is a definite movement toward a student council. Such a council would be advantageous to the literary development of the students and to the well being of the school as a whole.

The practice that Mr. Asbury has tried out on several occasions of choosing a student to present the various announcements in assembly is to be commended because of the training given that student in speaking before the public.

The Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Sperling is preparing an operetta to be presented in April. The students taking part are receiving valuable training in both music and drama.

#### PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING

The organization meeting of the Public Speaking and Debating Club was held in October and the following officers were elected to the executive:

President—Doug. Richardson Vice-President—Ted Galpin Secretary—Grace Sims Treasurer—Tim Lester Sergeant at Arms—Joe Ehman

At a later meeting of the executive the following persons, Margaret Shanks, Jean Sing, Marian Spencer, and Maurice Nelson were chosen to help

the executive in the work of the cabinet. This group is the governing body of the club. Among its duties are those of preparing subjects for debates and choosing leaders for the sides.

The debating club tries to give its members experience and confidence in speaking before the public. Members are encouraged to present their views on any subject under discussion. All interested in debating and public speaking are welcome to attend meetings. The parliamentary style of debate is used, because of the freedom of discussion it allows.

The loss of Mr. Payne, who has been the loyal patron and advisor of the debating club since its formation, is keenly felt by the members. Mr. Payne is now with the Canadian Active Service Force as officer commanding of the First Field Park Company, R. C. E., a Sarnia unit in which are to be found many of the debating alumni.

Of late the club has made a timely departure from the established parliamentary debate by holding informal round table discussions on current events.

A master of ceremonies who is in charge of these meetings introduces the subject and keeps up the interest with a few well placed remarks or questions. A lively interest in these discussions is being shown by members of the club and so far no subject has been exhausted in the time allotted for the meeting. In all, results have been gratifying and the club feels that it has been justified in making this move.

Inter-form debating, which had been allowed to lapse two years ago was last year revived under the patronage of the debating club. The successful form in the competition is rewarded with a handsome shield donated by the Lions Club.



DEBATING CLUB

Back Row—J. Sing, A. Bedard, J.Shirley, D. Richardson, M. Shanks, J. Nelson, A. Baxter, N. Dixon, J. Durban, M. Nelson, G. Simms, T. Galpin, B. Barr.
Front Row—T. Lester, M. Spencer, H. Daws, E. Park, Mr. Watson, P. Crawford, R. Andrew, S. Crawford, S. Stubbs.

In the final debate held on Open Night in the science lecture room form 4-A was successful and was awarded the trophy.

Through some oversight the school was not represented in the 1939 W.O.S.S.A. debating competition but it made an admirable showing in the public speaking contest.

#### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

On Thursday afternoon, December 21, our annual Commencement exercises took place in the auditorium of the Collegiate with graduates, students, parents, teachers and friends attending.

Dr. W. A. Hartley, chairman of the Sarn'a Board of Education welcomed the graduates back to the school and thanked the staff for their support throughout the year.

Our principal, Mr. F. C. Asbury, then gave an address entitled, "A Glance Back Over 1939," commenting on the abandonment of the new curriculum to the third form.

The Scholarship awards and graduation diplomas were then presented by Mr. Asbury. The University of Western Ontario Scholarship was awarded to Murray K. Phipps. The Carter

scholarship was granted to Marjorie Allingham and the D. M. Grant scholarship for superior standing during the third and fourth years was won by Ruth Johnston. The prize for the highest standing in Canadian History, sponsored by the I. O. D. E. was won by Olga Petro.

This year there were two valedictory addresses, one on behalf of the girls who graduated in 1939 presented by Marjorie Allingham, and one on behalf of the boy graduates given by Murray Phibbs.

Members of the band were presented with medals won at the Waterloo Band Festival. The presentations were made by Professor C. F. Thiele who is known to many Sarnians as the gentelman who made the remarks about the drum major's knees at a Sarnia Band Tattoo.

Throughout the program there were many selections by the orchestra, a group of two songs by the Glee Club, a clarinet solo by Tom Murphy.

At the close of the program there was a reception in the upper hall for the graduates, their parents, the members of the board, the Advisory-Vocational Committee and the staff.



EDITOR—ALMA ARMSTRONG



#### Freshettes' Reception

Ceremonies for the Freshettes' Reception held on September twenty-seventh were started off with a bang, when our three new teachers, Miss Thomas, Miss Heaseman and Miss Halvert, delighted the Assembly audience with a very clever rendition of the "Three Blind Mice."

After this exhibition of school spirit, our freshettes willingly agreed to wear the ridiculous garbs planned for them by the Seniors. In the evening they met again in the girl's gymnasium where they were blindfolded and led through a miniature Fun House.

After many gruelling experiences they were at last able to relax and enjoy a short program and delightful lunch which was served by the Girl's Athletic Association. The evening was then closed by the Naas March.

## Freshmen's Reception

On Thursday, October fifth, the Boys' Athletic Association proceeded to initiate the freshmen of the school. One of their first victims was Mr. Rogin who gave a very good imitation of the "Golden Boy" by playing Beethoven's "Minuet in G" on his violin for the students in Assembly.

During the rest of the day ludicrous regalia

worn by the boys proved to be a source of never failing amusement to the Seniors.

The climax, however, was reached in the evening when the boys met in the gym where they were blindfolded, and then received the usual "paddling." Afterwards they were taught the school yells, joined in a sing-song, and some sport exhibitions, and were sent home tired but happy, munching their ice-cream bars.

## Rugby Dance

Following a successful game with London Central on October eighteenth, the Seniors put on a rugby dance that evening in the boys' gym. and dancing to the music of a Nickelodeon was very much enjoyed.

Mr. Rogin and Mr. O'Donohue were patrons

## BASKETBALL DANCE

On Friday evening, January nineteenth, following a "double-header" basketball game with Juniors versus the St. Andrew's Bombers, and the Seniors versus Leamington, the Boys' Athletic Association held a delightful dance for the guests in the boys' gymnasium.

Mr. Rogin was the very popular patron and dancing was enjoyed to selections of Glenn Miller, Kay Kayser and many other of America's top band leaders.

The dance was very well attended and we hope for more like it in the future.

## Ат Номе

One of the most colourful events of the Yuletide Season was the annual "At Home" held in the girl's gym on the evening of December twentyeight.

Guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hueston, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Vanhorne and Dr. and Mrs. Hartley.

A new and very artistic decorating scheme was carried out this year, with the orchestra under Jack Kennedy's direction providing delightful dance music from nine till one. Refreshments were served during the intermission after which Mr. and Mrs. Asbury led the guests in the Grand March.

The committee under the chairmanship of Ed. Hueston are to be congratulated on a very successful dance. Those in charge of arrangements

were: Madelyn Dauphinee, refreshments; Ilene Sproule, invitations; Johnny Forbes, decorations; and Paul Misner, programs.

#### CADET DANCE

Following a successful Cadet Inspection the annual Cadet Dance was held in the boys' gymnasium on the evening of May twenty-six.

Dancing from nine till twelve was enjoyed to the music of Jack Kennedy's Orchestra. The uniforms of the hosts and Cadet officers created an impressive background for the gaily coloured gowns of the ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Capt. F. J. Payne, and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. O'Donohue acted as patrons and patronesses.

The dance proved to be a very colourful and enjoyable affair, a fitting climax to the Social Activities of the School Year.



# 1939-40 School Log - Continued from Page 71

- 12 Girls' Athletic Executive is elected (page 76).
- 13 Model for Girls' Uniform is announced.
- 16 Mr. Bishop from the Fire Marshal's office gave an illustrated lecture on fire prevention.
- Nov. 1 S.C.I. Juniors, 3; St. Andrew's, 0. Rugby dance enjoyed by all in attendance (page 74).
  - 17 S.C.I. Seniors, 4; Windsor-Walkerville,25.Juniors, 22; London Central, 0; at London.
  - 25 One month to Christmas.
  - 28 Kennedy Collegiate eliminates Juniors from Wossa, 2-1.
- Dec. 8 In the afternoon the Joyce Trio, of Toronto, who were engaged by the Music and Drama Association for the evening gave a concert of light classical music which was greatly enjoyed by the students.
  - 15 Inspector Gray addresses assembly.
  - 20 Commencement exercises in afternoon (page 21).

- 25 One year to Christmas.
- 28"Annual At Home" dance is a colourful and enjoyable success (apge 75).
- Jan. 3 School re-opened with a pleasant surprise when Dr. Maresch, of Pickering College, gave some interesting information about life in Austria from which country he escaped the Nazi rule.
  - 13 S.C.I. Seniors, 21; Chatham Seniors, 14. S.C.I. Juniors, 22; Chatham Juniors, 18.
  - 19 After a double header basketball game the basketball dance was held at 9:00 p.m. (page 74).
  - 19 S.C.I. Seniors, 21; Learnington, 20.
  - Due to better facilities for counting them, Jean Blacklock is sole member of 3B who knows number of acres in a square mile.
- Feb. 3 Seniors take district basketball title.
  - 13 Juniors seem to forget which sport they were taken to Chatham to play and default.
- 23-24 Annual Antics, school show, is a record breaking success.

(Continued on page 96)



Editor — Nora McNamara

## GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE



## ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Second Row—Beatrice Dennis, Betty Finch, Miss Thomas, Miss Ramsden, Betty Pontefract, Millicent Baxter, Marjorie Pelling.

First Row—Joyce Wadham, Lorna Dauphinee, Jessie Walker, Edith MacDonald. Ruth Johnston, Muriel McKegney, Jean Sing.

# Girls' Athletic Executive

The 1940 Girls' Athletic Executive includes the Honorary Presidents, Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden, and Miss Thomas; the President, Edith Mac-Donald; Vice-President, Jessie Walker; Secretary, Ruth Johnston, Treasurer, Jean Sing; and the curators of the various sports. These curators are: Track an Field, Millicent Baxter; Badminton, Joyce Wadham; Dancing, Marjorie Pelling; Speedball, Muriel McKegney; Basketball, Betty Finch; Volleyball, Beatrice Dennis; Swimming, Lorna Dauphinee; Softball, Betty Pontefract.

They are a busy group planning and managing our many after-school activities, arranging the interform games, and keeping the monthly records for the girls P. T. work.

After each tournament, the executive plans a party for those forms obtaining 1st, 2nd and 3rd places in each of the Sr., Int., and Jr. groups. Each girl of the team standing first receives a crest and a large banner is presented to the captain for her team's home room.

The form coming first in the most events during the year, is the "All Around Form" and they are presented with a banner. Last year C4 won this honour.

At the final Assembly each year proficiency

crests are awarded by the Girls' Athletic Association to those girls who have done exceptionally well in gym work. The girls who received these in 1939 were: Nancy Ahern, Jessie Allingham, Helen Andrews, Evelyn Baxter, Gale Bolton, Beatrice Dennis, Jean Dobbins, Frances Doherty, Kay Heslop, Lucille Janus, Ruth Jarvis, Eloise Johnston, Helen Johnston, Ruth Johnston, Edna Kee, Marie Kent, Frances Lessard, Edith Mac-Donald, Helen Matthews, Dorothy McCreadie, Matilda Evers, Hazel Garnham, Mildred Gravelle, Nora McNamara, Ruth Mustard, Olga Petro, Betty Pontefract, Louise Prangley, Catherine Steinman, Alison Street, Jessie Walker, May Walter, Muriel White, Edythe Williams, Ferne Wilson, Muriel Zink.

If a proficiency crest is won by a girl for three consecutive years, she is entitled to a Second "S." Last year these were awarded to Jessie Walker, and Lucille Janus.

The highest award a girl may obtain for P.T. work is the First "S." Last year Ruth Johnston topped her brilliant scholastic record by winning this honour. Congratulations Ruth, and best wishes for future success.

## PHYSICAL TRAINING DEMONSTRATION

Last June 1, at the Athletic Park, the girls of the school gave a demonstration of their P. T. activities. One who saw the demonstration as a spectator in the grandstand is best able to give an adequate account of the performance. I have asked Winnifred Durnford, a former member of our school to describe it. This she does very well in the following letter.

University of Western Ontario, February 20, 1940.

Dear Girls' Sports Editor:

I think special mention should be made in your section of the physical education demonstration presented by the Girls Athletic Association last Spring

On June 1, 1939, I sat with hundreds of Sarnia's population who had made their way to the Athletic park to see their daughters, sisters, and friends in one of the finest exhibitions ever to be put on by the girls of our school. Directed by Miss Ramsden, who was assisted by Miss Truman,

the demonstration brought cheers from all of us in the crowded grandstand. The picture before us was a familiar one. We had seen it in magazines and newspapers. There was a difference though — the one we had seen was of German girls dancing in compulsory training camps while the one in front of us was of Canadian girls dancing through sheer enjoyment.

Dr. Hartley, chairman of the Board of Education, opened the program with a short address, both of welcome to the people and encouragement to the girls. Then, with a lively march by the band, the blue-rompered girls marched to their formations on the field.

The ensuing program was made up of folk dances, gymnastics and tumbling. In a delightful contrast was the action song presented by Grade 11 of Johnston Memorial School under the direction of Misses Dorothy Newton and Helen Cares. During the intermission, music and entertainment were provided by the school

band under Mr. W. E. Brush. The exhibition was concluded by a very striking picture — that of the Naas March, done by five hundred girls of the school.

With this the throng disbanded, satisfied with what physical training was doing for their daughters, sisters and friends, and hoping for a repeti-

tion of the display the following spring.

To the girls of the S.C.I. & T.S. and their directress I say — "Well done!" May the 1940 demonstration be bigger and better than ever.

Yours Sincerely,

WINNIFRED DURNFORD.

## VOLLEYBALL

Several new rules introduced last year have made volleyball easier to play and more exciting for the girls. This year's tournament is just

beginning and interest is keen. The Junior tournament was incomplete last year but the Sr. and Int. winners were:

Sr.: 1. C4.

2. Coll. 5 (2).

3. Coll. 3A.

Int.: 1. C2A.

2. T2 and 2E.

3. Coll. 2A (1).



#### VOLLEYBALL

Second Row—P. French, B. Walker, S. Smith, H. Hutcheson, P. Benson, B. Cameron, D. Carter.

First Row—L. Janus, H. Mathews, M. Baker (Capt.) A. Street, M. Shaw (Capt.) E. Finley, C. Zink, R. Mellon.

## TRACK AND FIELD

OurTrack ad Field meet is always very popular, both with the girls of the school and their friends outside it. Almost every form had a team and some of the larger classes had two teams. Three classes had 100', participation and several others had over 95',. In all, 410 girls, comprising 30 teams took part in the school annual field

day, held on Friday, October 6. As there were not as many wishing to compete in the individual events, it was decided to hold the track meet in the afternoon only, and thus eliminate the girls' individual competition. The interform results with the winning captains are as follows:

1. (R. Johnston, Coll. 5.

Sr.: (F. Wilson, Coll. 3A.

2. M. Baxter, Coll. 4B.

1. C. Steinman, Coll. 2D.

Int.: 2. D. Walker, V-2C.

3. M. White, Coll. 2C.

1. M. Robinson, 1.8.

Jr. 2. D. Mitchell, 1.10.

3. E. Lechie, 1.10.



TRACK AND FIELD

Fourth Row—N. McNamara, R. Johnston (Capt.), J. Walker, E. Kee, M. Cote, R. Tyrie, P. Morphew, P. Russell, M. Simmons, A. Hardy, B. Brain.

Third Row—S. Taylor, V. Rogers, M. Finlayson, F. Wilson (Capt.), D. McIntyre, M. McKegney, J. Thompson, B. Page, I. Martin, M. Gravelle, J. McDougall.

Second Row—H. McLean, G. Firth, J. Hart, P. Jenkins, R. Rhine, E. Baxter, K. Steinman (Capt.), R. Page M. Sing, B. Bond, K. Leaman, E. Dawson.

First Row—S. Baxter, C. Weir, J. Dauphinee, E. Graham, P. McRae, J. Curtin, A. Hood, J. Garrison, M. Robertson (Capt.), J. McNeil, A. Korbel.

#### BASKETBALL

There is no doubt that the basketball tournament is the most eagerly awaited one of the year. The Senior group had 13 teams, the Intermediate 7, and the Junior 10. Form 1.11 deserves great credit for their enthusiastic entry of 3 teams in

the Junior Tournament. We had about 420 girls out for basketball games.

In the past few years it has been our custom to celebrate the conclusion of our basketball tournament by inviting teams from an outside High

School to a party here. The highlights of these parties have been games between our group winners and the teams from our visitors' school. Last year Petrolia High School was our guest and the party was held on a Saturday afternoon. The Sarnia teams, over-coming stiff opposition were victorious in both games played.

Besides the after school competition games are held in the P. T. periods amongst the teams into which each gym class is divided. At the end of this miniature tournament the winners may treat the losers or vice versa as each group decides.

A common sight in the gym while the games have been going on, is one of the girls knitting on soldires' scarves. If a girl is excused from a gym period or if she is waiting for her game to be played, she may knit on these scarves. Thus the girls of the school are again helping a good cause. Up to the present time seven scarves have been kit. Keep up the good work, girls!

## The interform basketball winners are:

Sr.: 1. Coll. 5. E. MacDonald.

2. Coll. 3A. I. Martin.

3. Sp. Com. M. Kent.

Int.: 1. Coll. 2C. E. McMann.

2. Coll. 2D. E. Baxter.

3. Coll. 2A. M. Walter.

Jr.: 1. 1.7 (1) K. Baikie.

2. 1.8 (1) J. Garrison.

3. 1.9 (2) E. Parsons.



## BASKETBALL

Third Row—J. Stedwill, M. Cooper, N. McNamara, E. Kee, R. Johnston, J. Walker, P. Morphew, E. Mundy, M. Simmons, R. Tyrie, A. Dawson.
Second Row—F. Dent, B. Matheson, M. Shannon, W. Yeates, C. Sayers, E. McMann (Capt.) M. Ward, M. Trusler, C. Stockhall, M. Ellis, F. Warwick, M. White.
First Row—V. Jay, H. Jackson, L. Bell, B. Schultz, B. Delderfield, B. Hutcheson, K. Baikie, W. Lax, P. Crawford.

## **SPEEDBALL**

Last fall we were fortunate in having enough clear, cold weather, so that most of the speedball games could be played on the campus. On wet days basket speedball was played in the gym. Spedball is a favourite among the girls though

there were just 25 teams, there were some 420 girls who turned out after school to chase madly up and down the campus and help their teams on to victory.

Jr. 1. 1.10 (2) M. Kerr.

2. 1.10 (1) G. Walker.

3. 1.11 (2) B. Lindsay.

Int. 1. Coll. 2C M. Shannon.

2. V-2C D. Blackmore.

3. Coll. 2A. J. Robertson.

Sr. 1. Coll. 5. R. Tyrie.

2. Coll. 4A S. Ward.

3. Coll. 3A M. McKegney.



## SPEEDBALL

Fourth Row—R. Johnston, M. Cooper, R. Tyrie (Capt.) N. McNamara, E. Mundy, M. Cote, P. Morphew, P. Russell, E. Kee, A. Dawson, M. Simmons, A. Hardy.

Third Row—F. Dent, B. Matheson, M. Ward, W. Yeates, C. Sayers, M. Shannon (Capt.)
E. McMann, M. Trusler, E. Stockall, M. Ellis, J. Wincott, F. Warwick, M. White.

Second Row—H. Levitt, E. Leckie, H. Johnson, M. Thorner, B. Foster, P. Hughes, G. Walker (Capt.) B. Peachey, L. Regan.

First Row—D. Bruner, B. Rae, E. Taylor, M. Milne, B. Huntley, B. Davis, B. Bush, M. Nash.

## **BADMINTON AND DECK TENNIS**

For the past two years while the Intermediates and Seniors were having a badminton tournament, the Juniors enjoyed their own deck tennis games. By using the same method of scoring for deck tennis as for badminton, we make it an introduction to the latter while using simpler equipment,

easier skills, and less space. Those who played with interest became quite skilful and thoroughly enjoyed the game. No girl can play in a second game until every girl on the team has already played once.

1. Coll. 4A. J. Shirley. Sr.:

2. Coll. 3A H. Johnston.

3. Coll. 4B. J. Stover.

nt.: 1. Coll. 2C. M. Ward.

2 Coll. 2B. J. Kee.

3. V-2A. S. Richardson.

Jr.: 1. 1.19 (2) M. Glaab.

2. 1.9 (1) C. Curran.

3. 1.11 (1) M. Foster.



## BADMINTON AND DECK TENNIS

Fourth Row—J. Shirley (Capt.), E. Foster, M. Rigsley, N. Ahern, R. Mustard, O. Petro, J. Allingham, E. Tredwill.

Third Row—F. Dent, B. Matheson, M. Shannon, W. Yeates, C. Sayers, M. Ward, E. McMann, M. Trusler, C. Stockhall, M. Ellis, J. Wincott, F. Warwick, M. White.

Second Row—C. Dyke, J. Steele, M. Bell, J. Rosen, M. Abel, E. Finley, S. Phibbs, M. Glabb (Capt.) A. Jeffrey, S. Isom. First Row—R. Pirrie, N. Jones, M. Knight, P. McDermid, T. Mills, P. Combs, I. White.

## LIFE - SAVING

We are really very fortunate in having such a splendid pool and such excellent opportunities open to us. We can be taught life-saving, swimming, diving, and ornamental swimming. year there were twenty awards made to the girls for their work in life-saving. These awards were as follows:

Bar to Silver Medal-Eloise Johnston, Nora McNamara.

Silver Medal - Ruth Johnston, Frances Lessard.

First Class Instructress — Ruth Johnston.

Bar to Bronze Medal—1st bar, Ruth Johnston; 2nd bar, Eloise Johnston, Nora McNamara. Helen Johnston, Jean Kee.

Bronze Medal - Nancy Ahern, Ruth Mustard, Intermediate Certificate - Nancy Ahern, Ruth Mustard, Helen Johnston, Jean Kee.

Elementary certificate — Ruth mustard, Jean Kee, Helen Johnston.



The Swimming Pool at S.C.I. & T.S.



## ALL-ROUND CHAMPS

Standing—W. Yukish, B. Southcombe.
Seated—S. Barr, R. Johnston.
Inset—G. Cocks.







Editor—J. Bell



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row—L. Goring, J. MacDonald, J. Langan, F. Hollands, D. Rutherford, M. O'Laughlin, F. Knight.
Front Row—N. Dobbins, B. Anderson, J. Bell, B. Watson, J. Allingham, F. Daws.

## ANNUAL SWIM MEET

One of the largest entries in the history of the "Annual School Swim Meet" was run off in orderly fashion last May before a fair-sized audience.

In the senior division Hugo Farner and Ewart Finan fought out a tie and each received a Newton

Memorial Cup for their achievements.

Roy McAllister, Jack McFayden and Jack Needham ran off with the intermediate, junior and juvenile awards respectively.

The competition was keen throughout with some developing swimmers on their way up.

## TRACK AND FIELD

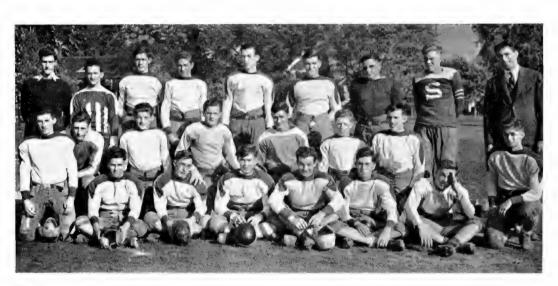
Three new records were set and four old ones broken at the annual track meet held on the school campus today. The day was warm and sunny with a slight wind sweeping the campus.

Joe Bell captured the senior individual crown with four firsts and a third. Jack McNeil, with seven points, placed second to Bell for senior honours.

Charlie Clarke and Bill Southcombe were tied for the intermediate title. The two boys walked off with five firsts apiece, but they did not meet each other in competition.

Ken Palmer nosed out Don Hamilton for the junior title and Grant Nichols edged out Harvey Cocks for the leadership of the juvenile division.





SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—S. Cousins (Manager); B. Barreett (Trainer); J. McKegney; B. Gunn; G. Langan; H. Hurst; B. Parker; L. McIntyre, Mr. Rogin (Coach).

Middle Row—J. Forbes; S. McKelvie; J. Johnston; H. Hathaway; F. Clatworthy; I. Milne; H. Farner.

Front Row—G. Langan; M. Lumby; R. Johnston; C. Thompson; B. Higgins; J. Round; J. McKnight.

## SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. RUGBY

PORT HURON—12 SENIORS-0

Brick Fowler's Port Huron High School Redmen blanked Mr. Rogin's senior bantams 12-0 in the third annual international clash between the two schools. The battle was between a big, fast team of veterans and a band of fighting gridders who never gave up. It was the seniors first game of the year but they looked good in defeat.

#### SENIORS-11 LONDON CENTRAL-8

Mr. Rogin's senior scrappers spotted London Central C. I. generous poundage along the line and in the backfield and defeated them 11-8 in an exhibition game at the Athletic Park. Johnny Forbes, the spark-plug of the school team, bagged Johnny both touchdowns and converted one for all of the Sarnians' Points.

SENIORS—9 PORT COLBORNE-0

The seniors, better named giant killers, chalked up their second straight victory by defeating Port Colbourne 9-0 in a fast game. The Ports later won the Central O.O.S.A. championship. Johnny Forbes and Jack Round were the standout performers for the winners.

**IUNIORS—1** 

Mr. Rogin's seniors drubbed Mr. O'Donohue's juniors 14-1 on the school campus for the school championship. Johnny Forbes, Round, Claworthy and Farner carried the brunt of the seniors attack while Anderson kicked the juniors' lone point.

SENIORS-4 WINDSOR TECH.--25

Windsor-Walkerville Technical School gridders smothered our seniors 25-4 here by a great display of power by the winners. Windsor experienced trouble throttling Johnny Forbes' forward passes during the early part of the game but they overcame this in the second half.

#### WINDSOR TECH.—12 SENIORS-1

Our Seniors dropped out of the W.O.S.S.A. race losing to the Windsor-Walkerville twelve, 12-1 in a fast, rugged game in Windsor. Johnny Forbes kicked the seniors' lone tally but the line deserves much credit for the fight they put up against superior forces.

#### THE SENIOR TEAM

Flying Wing—Jerry Langan. Halves—Jack Round, Saame McKelvie, Howard

Quarter-Johnny Forbes (Captain).

Snapp—Ray Johnston. Insides—Gerard Langan, Joe Ehman.

Middles-Howard Hurst, Bob Parker.

End—Marvin Lumby, Fred Clatworthy.
Alternates—Jay Johnston, Cameron Thompson,
Bill Whiting, Bruce Gunn, Jim McKegney, Fugo
Farner, Bill Higgins, Fred Knight, Bob Stauffer, Jack McIntyre, Iian Milne.





## JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row-N. Dobbins (Manager), J. McDonald (Trainer), A. Kotyk, B. Drinkwater, A. Burkholder, B. Sloan, J. Sutherby, D. Teskey, D. Moorehouse, R. LeSueur, R. Palmer, Mr. O'Donohue.

Middle Row-I. Rutherford, O. Haddon, D. McKinley, D. Kirby, J. Allingham, J. Parr, D. Pole.

Front Row-G. Milne, B. Yukish, T. Adams, D. Mott, B. Anderson, B. Miller.

## JUNIOR W.O.S.S.A. RUGBY

#### LONDON CENTRAL-6 JUNIORS-0

Mr. O'Donohue's school juniors dropped their opener of the season to London Central Collegiate 6-0 at Carruther's Field before a large following of Londoners. The juniors held the Central twelve in London's end for most of the game but Pete O'Niel ran 45 yards in the last stanza to blank Sarnia 6-0. Bill Miller was the pick of the locals while Pete O'Niel stood out for London.

#### JUNIORS—3 ST. ANDREW'S—O

Mr. O'Donohue's juniors continued their winning ways by downing St. Andrew's Bombers 3-0 in a close contest before 500 fans at the Athletic Park. Bill Drinkwater and Doug Pole were the standouts of a low scoring tilt.

#### LONDON CENTRAL—9 JUNIORS—8

The juniors dropping their first league contest were one point down in the W.O.S.S.A. semi-finals being on the short end of a 9-8 score against London Central. Playing on a mud-covered gridiron at the Athletic Park the Londoners eked out a 9-8 victory. Bob Sloan, a lanky centre for our school, was the standout performer. His faultless snapping and brilliant defensive play stamped him the best player on the field.

#### JUNIORS—15 ST. PATRICK'S—0

The juniors opened up with some potent rugby against St. Patrick's High School by shutting them out 15-0 in a rugged contest. Ross Palmer provided the thrill of the game when he raced 70 yards for a touchdown. Del Matt accounted for another major while Doug Pole kicked a field goal and Bill Anderson kicked a single and converted one touchdown for the game's total score.

#### IUNIORS—22 LONDON CENTRAL—0

Our juniors went to London with an all-startwelve to polish off London Central 22-0 and take the round 30 to 9 advancing to the next round with Windsor. Doug Pole, who paved the way for three of the four touchdowns, turned in one of the best displays of broken field running in years.

## WINDSOR KENNEDY—9 JUNIORS—8

Windsor Kennedy defeated our juniors 9-8 in a closely fought game at Athletic Park. Ollie Haddon and Doug Pole stood out for the Sarma twelve. Haddon dropping ball-caries right and left while Pole made a beautiful placement and ran back kicks in great style.

## WINDSOR KENEDY-2 JUNIORS-1

Mr. O'Donnohue's juniors dropped out of the W.O.S.S.A. rugby race by losing to Kennedy 2-1 in the return game at Windsor. The Sarnia twelve have nothing to be ashamed of as they put up a stubborn defense throughout the series. Ollie Haddon and Dick Kirby were the pick of the school in their farewell appearance for '39. Red McLean, the running and kicking ace of the junior backfield, sustained a broken arm which placed him on the shelf for the season, while playing the seniors in a practice tilt.

#### THE TEAM

Flying Wing—Bill Drinkwater. Halves—Del Mott, Ross Palmer, Doug Pole. Quarter—Bill Anderson Snap—Bob Sloan Insides—Jim Sutherby, Dick Kirby (cap't.) Middles—Ian Rutherford, Jim Allingham. Ends—Allie Haddon, Bob Moorehouse

Alternates—Junior Parr, John Kotyk, Bill Yukish, George Milne, Robin LeSeur, Bill Southcombe, Talford Adams, Doug McKinlay, Doug Teskey, A. Burkholder.

#### CADET INSPECTION, 1939

Editor—J. Forbes

DUE to failing attendance at Sunday parades of previous years, a church parade of the Cadet Corps of the Sarnia Collegiate and Technical School was not held in 1939.

The Annual Inspection of the Cadet Corps was held on the afternoon of Friday, May 26th. The weather was ideal for the inspection. The corps made a fine showing in their white shirts and dark trousers set off by the N.C.O.'s in full blue uniforms and the officers in blue tunics and white flannels.

The corps fell in at 1:30 sharp and a short route march was held from the school campus down town to the city hall, where the salute was taken, and then back again to the school. The cadets were led by the excellent school band, who

were wearing their new royal blue uniforms and were under the able leadership of bandmaster, Mr. W. E. Brush.

On returning to the campus the cadets were put through their various drills and intricate manœuvres. They were inspected by Lieut. M. P. Bogert, G.S.O. 3, of Military District No. 1, headquarters staff. He highly congratulated the corps and officers for their fine work.

Outstanding features of the drill were the Signalling and First Aid Demonstrations; the Physical Training Exhibition; the presentation of pins to the officers; and medal awards to the marksmen.

As a result of the faithful and hard work, the corps placed first in the district in general efficiency and placed second in physical training.

## OFFICERS AND N. C. O.'S OF 1939 CORPS

O.C.—Jim Doohan. Adj.—Jim Smith. R.S.M.—Joe Bell.

> A Co. O.C.—Fred Daws

1. Lieut.—B. Burleight.

2. Lieut.—E. Finan.

3. Lieut.—W. Hueston.

C.S.M.—D. Fleming.

Sgt.—J. Forbes.

Sgt.—D. Mott.

Sgt.—B. Knowles.

B. Co. O.C.—I. Zierler

1. Lieut.—S. Stokes.

2. Lieut.—T. Elliott.

3. Lieut.—S. Cousins.

C.S.M.—M. O'Loughlin

Sgt.—S. Carson.

Sgt.—G. Cocks.

Sgt.—D. Finnegan.

C. Co.

O.C.-W. Chong

1. Lieut.—W. Barnes.

2. Lieut.—G. Andrews.

C.S.M.—R. Heller

Sgt.—B. Hampton.

Sgt.—S. McKelvey.

Band Lieut.—B. Bury.

Sig. Lieut.—D. Rutherford.

Quarter Master Lieut.-W. Humphrey.

Reserve Lieut.—W. McDermid, D. Dyble.

Reserve Sgt.—B. Southcombe, H. Hurst, Kirby,

B. Watson.

Orderly Sgt.-G. Smith.

Quarter Master Sgt.-J. McDonald.





SIGNALLERS

Back Row—Williams, L. Marwood, D. Rutherford, E. Banks, J. McNeill, G. Rosebrugh. Front Row—N. Ruberry, J. Allingham, J. Scales, Mr. Ritchie, A. Bird, R. Phillips, G. Andrew.

## SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

## ST. ANDREW'S BOMBERS—21 SENIORS—20

Coach William Rogin's Senior cagers got away to a bad start, dropping a close decision to the St. Andrew's Bombers, 21-20. Jack Grieve and Joe Bell paced the students with six points apiece.

#### SARNIA ACES—27 SENIORS—19

The Seniors dropped their second straight contest to the powerful Sarnia Aces 27-19 after a fast and furious battle in their own gym. Norm Dobbins and Fred Daws led the Seniors in scoring with 7 and 6 points respectively.

#### CHATHAM VOC.—14 SENIORS—21

Mr. Rogin's seniors copped their first victory which was a W.O.S.S.A. fixture, by downing Chatham Vocational 21-14 in a closely fought game in the Chatham Gym. Joe Bell led the Senior attack with 15 of his team's 21 tallies.

#### LEAMINGTON-20

SENIORS 21

The seniors took their second straight W.O.S. S.A. game by edging out Learnington in the dying moments of a thrill soaked contest, 21-20 at the local gym. Joe Bell paced the Sarnia boys with 13 points.

#### LEAMINGTON-18

SENIORS-26

On the return game to Leamington the school seniors proved they were the better team by setting back the fast Leamington squad 26-18. Jack Grieve and Joe Bell were high scorers of the game with 8 and 9 points respectively.

#### PORT HURON-54

SENIORS-15

The seniors invaded the Port Huron High School only to be overwhelmed by a superior team, 54-14 to mark their worst defeat or the year. Norm Dobbins upheld the team's score by dropping in seven counters.

#### CHATHAM VOC.—21

SENIORS-24

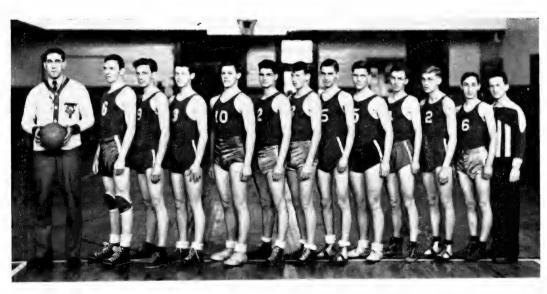
Mr. Rogin's senior cagers won their grouping undefeated by sending Chatham Vocational home on the short end of a 24-21 score. Fred Daws led the slow attack against Chatham by slipping in 12 points.

#### PORT HURON—18

SENIORS-20

The seniors greeted the Port Huron High with a Valentine surprise and got revenge from the 54:14 licking that they took two weeks before by edging the Ports out 20-18 in a thrilling contest. Joe Bell was high scorer with 14 points. Norm Dobbins and O'Loughlin also turned in fine efforts on defence.





SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr. Rogin, B. Hueston, R. Kee, M. O'Laughlin, J. Bell, F. Daws, N. Dobbins, E. Palmer, H. Hurst, H. Bolton, J. Grieves, M. Lumby, B. Barratt.

#### CHATHAM COLL.—27

SENIORS-26

In an exhibition game with the Chatham Collegiate our seniors were nosed out by a 27-26 score in a fast passing game. Joe Bell, senior forward, was high scorer of the game.

#### LONDON BEAL-33

SENIORS-18

The seniors dropped their first game in a home and home points to count series to London Beal Tech. 33-18. "Red" Anderson, an import from the Juniors, led the attack with 9 points. O'Lough-

lin, Daws and Hamilton, another Junior, turned in fine performances.

#### SENIORS-30

LONDON BEAL-27

Mr. Rogin's boys turned the tide on London winning out 30-27 but losing on the round 60-48 to wind up basketabll in the school for the '39-'40 year. Joe Bell led the scoring with 8 points, closely followed by "Red" Anderson with 7. Daws, Dobbins and O'Loughlin were also standouts as the team functioned as a whole for the first time since the Port Huron game.

## JUNIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

#### JUNIORS—16 WASHINGTON HIGH—13

Mr. William Rogin's school juniors started off on the right foot against Junior Washington High School by downing them 16-13 in a fine exhibition of barketball. Frank Hollands and "Red" Anderson were standouts.

#### JUNIORS-30

PETROLIA HIGH—6

The local juniors added another victory to their string by trouncing the Petrolia W.O.S.S.A. "B" entry by a 30-6 count. Don Hamilton and Frank Hollands were high scorers with six points apiece.

#### WASHINGTON F.IGH—28 JUNIORS—7

The juniors took their first sting of defeat at the hands of Washington High School tonight in our Collegiate gymnasium before a packed gallery. The local lads were out-passed and out-classed by a superior team. Bill Whitely and "Red" Anderson turned in all seven of the collegiate's total with four and three respectively.

#### JUNIORS-22

CHATHAM VOC.—18

Last night in the Chatham gymnasium our classy junior team took their first game in their W.O.S.S.A. grouping from a fighting band of players from the Maple City by a 22-18 count. Bill Southcombe was high scorer of the night with seven tallies.

## JUNIORS—26 PETROLIA HIGH—14

Mr. Rogin's juniors keptt up their fast pace by swamping Petrolia High School in the Petrolia gym 26-14 before a fair-sized crowd. Don Hamilton and Bill Southcombe were the effective boys of the game with enight and seven markers respectively.

#### ST. ANDREW'S BOMBERS—23 JUNIORS—19

The juniors dropped their second game of the season by a 23-19 count in an exhibition basketball tilt with the St. Andrew's Bombers in the school gymnasium. Don Hamilton led the school's offence with six points to his credit while Anderson and Hollands bore the brunt of the attack.

## PORT HURON HTGH—31 JUNIORS—19

Sarnia's Junior W.O.S.S.A. hopefuls took on more than they could handle in the gymnasium th's afternoon when Buck Fowler's Port Huron cage's trounced the juniors 31-19 before a large crowd. Frank Hollands dropped in nine tallies to lead the juniors in effectiveness.

#### LEXINGTON HIGH—19

JUNIORS-16

The school juniors dropped their third straight game to Lexington High cagers by a 19-16 count in the Lexington gymnasium this evening before a fair-sized crowd of spectators. Frank Hollands again led the scoring parade with eight points to his credit.

## CHATHAM COLLEGIATE—2 JUNIORS—0

Coach Bill Rogin took his collegiate juniors off the floor of the Chatham Collegiate Institute and thereby handed the Maple City quint a game by default when the teams broke out in a free-for-all when things got out of control of the Chatham referee this evening.

#### JUNIORS—11 CHATHAM COLLEGIATE—6

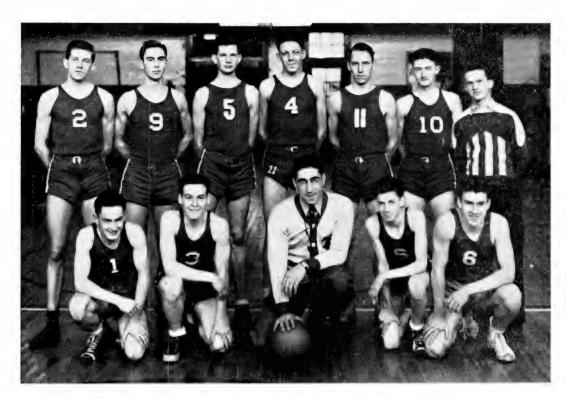
The juniors redeemed themselves in their own gymnasium tonight by drowning the Chatham Collegiate quint 11-6 in a hard-fought game: Bill Southcombe turned in one of his best games of the season with four of his team's eleven points. The team's defence was brilliant but the offence bogged down.

## JUNIORS—26 LONDON CENTRALS—22

In a W.O.S.S.A. quarter-final the school juniors defeated London Central Collegiate 26-22 in a thrill-soaked contest to gain a 4-point lead to take to London in the return game. Captain "Red" Anderson was the standout performer on the floor on the defence as well as on the offence where he led the scorers with nine points.

#### LONDON CENTRAL—24 JUNIORS—15

London Central outscored Mr. Bill Rogin's school five 6-1 in the last quarter of their junior W.O.S.S.A. playdown today to win the game 24-15 and the round 46-41. Don Hamilton and "Red" Anderson turned in five games for the local lads scoring six points apiece. This game ended the juniors' basketball wars for the season of '40. Much credit is due Mr. Rogin for his ceaseless efforts with the seniors and juniors. Orchids to you, Mr. Rogin, and we hope you find a championship team here to invade Windsor and bring back that coveted title with you.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

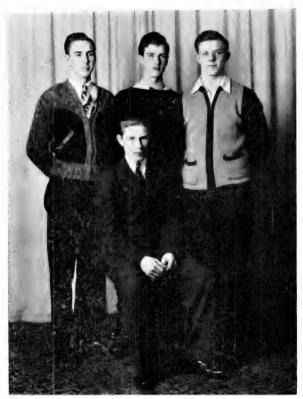
Back Row—F. Hollands, B. Southcombe,
T. Murphy, D. Hamilton, L. Brown,
B. Anderson, B. Barratt.

Front Row—B. Whitely, J. Parr, Mr.
Rogin, W. Funter, D. Pole.

## HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

Orchid are in line for Mr. Rogin who promoted the biggest and most aggressive House League Basketball in the history of the school. Not satisfied with two W.O.S.S.A. teams, he organized 39 form teams which amounts to about 350 boys taking part in league games with only 5 defaults which is a record to be proud of. If this keeps up the school should be producing W.O.S.S.A. winners in a few years hence. Congratulations Mr. Rogin.

FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS
Standing—B. Southcombe, K. Palmer, J.
Bell.
Seated—C. Clark.
Absent—Grant Nicols,



## SHOOTING—S.C.I. AND T.S.

The rifle ranges at the S.C.I. and T.S., as usual, have been one of the busiest centres in the school throughout the year. The shooting teams have been improving from year to year and the S.C.I. School of Shooting under the capable principalship of Mr. Mendizabal, has again produced a fine group of crack shots as shown by the following results.

In the annual winer competitions of the Dominindividual and team scores were better than preion of Canada Rifle Association (Jan. 1939), the viously. Tw Senior teams, 24 boys in all, were entered and won the following awards: 1 special medal (gold) won by B. Johnston with a score of 98 2/3%, 3 first class medals (silver) won by W. Southcombe, Fred Newton and Saul Ehman, with score averaging at least 97%, and 19 second class medals (bronze) with scores averaging at least 90%. Our teams placed fourth and fifteenth.

In the Dominion Marksman Competition four teams of five men each were entered. The high scores were: W. Southcombe 295 out of 300, K. Langan, 294; B. Johnston, 292; Saul Ehman, 291; and Bob Freele, S. Cousins and J. Newton tied with 290.

In the Royal Military College Competition a team of ten boys placed second in the Dominion,

having won their own district, with an average score of 98.6% — a fine achievement for the team. The members were: B. Johnston, B. Southcombe, K. Langan, J. Newton, B. Freele, S. Cousins, F. Newton, S. Stokes, W. Humphries, and J. Smith.

The final Competition was the Best Shot In The School for the Strathcona Silver Medal. Conditions: 10 shots prone, 10 kneeling and 10 rapid fire in 90 seconds. B. Johnston was the successful winner with 284, B. Freele 272, W. Southcombe 271, L. Goring 267, J. Ehman 258 and S. Stokes 251.

The team selected to represent the school at the Dominion Meet at the Connaught Rifle Ranges near Ottawa in August, 1939, was as follows: B. Johnston with an aggregate score of 970; W. Suothcombe, 961; B. Freele, 944; L. Goring, 936; and Adjutant S. Stokes. The team did well as usual and enjoyed a fine vacation as well as having an opportunity to see in action the best marksmen in the Dominion. They placed third in the Col. White Memorial Match and fourth in the Inter-corps Team Match. member individually won a number of cash prizes which was sufficient in every case to cover any expenses incurred in the trip.



RIFLE TEAM

Back Row—B. Andrew, J. Brooks, H. Hanson, S. Duncan, D. McClure, W. Dawson, B. Elder, A. McKinley, T. Denenis, R. Goring, J. Gowie.
Front Row—J. Newton, R. Phillips, J. Ehman, B. Southcombe, Mr. Asbury, Mr. Mendizabal, L. Goring, B. Freele, F. Newton.



Editors — Jean Stockall and Ilene Sproule

## WHAT HIGH SCHOOL MEANS TO A GRADUATE

DURING his "teens" a boy is molded into the person from which he will change very little in later life. A safe passage over these most important years assure him a better-than-average chance in the future, whether that future leads directly to his life's work or to continued studies in college.

Every boy looks forward to the day when he will complete his high school training and receive his certificate. Sometimes the course seems to him to be a long, dull grind, only justified by the attainment of this objective. It is only after graduation that he can fully appreciate the good times that he had while attending school. When he looks back, he finds, perhaps to his surprise, that many of the highlights of his school days were not to do with school activities such as rugby games, annual shows or form parties, but took place in the classes themselves. He realizes that most of the "miseries" which he experienced resulted from his own laziness or carelessness, and these miseries, although seeming to be of major importance at the time, were certainly not lasting. Next time he meets an old school-mate he may agree with the latter's remark, "I wish I were back at school again."

After he has severed connections with his high school, for what seems to him a long time, a boy at last comes back as a graduate to the commencement exercises. When he receives his diploma he may feel a certain pride in his achievement, but it is not the diploma which makes him feel that he is a graduate; the sight of the many new faces

does that. In the midst of these newcomers, however, are the many familiar faces of his teachers and fellow pupils and to renew their acquaintance and to inquire about the recent school news is a pleasure which only a graduate can really appreciate. So when he goes home, the 'old boy' at last understands why so many former students teturn year after year to look over the various school activities, and he resolves, that from now on, he will be among them.

DAVID ASBURY.

Dear Editor:

It is with a rather confused feeling of happiness, mingled with regret, that we, the Graduating Class of 1939, look back on our high school days.

It seems very long ago since we first entered high school, a widely separated class of individuals, but each one of us striving towards the same goal. We have reached this goal, not by ourselves but as a united body bound together by that strong bond of friendship experienced only by classmates. Our days at high school were happy ones. The hours of work, the hours of play, the happy days and weeks and years that we spent together will always be a pleasant memory.

Now we have left his life. The support we relied on has been taken away. We must by ourselves take up this new life which is different for each individual.

We wish to have the privilege, and indeed it is a privilege, of thanking those who have done so

much for us. To you, Mr. Asbury and teachers, who were so willing to help us in all our difficulties, who gave us your time, energy, and patience we say "thank you." Since we have left high school we appreciate your efforts, your kindness, your friendship, even if we did not realize it at the time. We will try to prove to you that your work has not been in vain.

To those still attending Sarnia Collegiate, graduation may seem impossible and difficult. Your studies and homework may at times seem like a burden and you will be tempted to quit without completing your course. Just try and remember that each graduate had these same difficulties to meet but has ovecome them. You too can win.

We, the graduates, have entered into a world made horrible by war. Our life ahead appears

difficult and uncertain. But we must succeed. Our success, I am sure, rests in the firm foundation established at this school and the high ideals and attitude cultivated in us by our teachers and companions.

Let us, no matter how scattered we become, what our occupation or circumstances are, remember the honour and the fame of our school, the guidance of our teachers and principal, our fellow classmates, and the friendship that has grown up among us.

We, the graduates, hope that those who follow us will benefit by their high school fellowship in their path of life as we have. Let us trust that you will maintain and uphold the tradition "Siciter ad astra."

LILLIAN BELL



## THOSE GRADUATES NOW IN A HIGHER HALL OF FAME

John Sands O. A. C	How is it at Guelph?
Helen Cruickshank London Normal	
Isaac Zierler Toronto University	How's the dating Bureau there?
Mildred Davidson Sarnia General Hospital	Lights Out!
James Conner O. A. C	
Elaine Ward London Normal	
Frank Stirrett O. A. C	
Mary Doherty Shaw Business College	Our loss is Toronto's gain.
Winnie Durnford Western	
Sam Stokes R. M. C	Do you still crash parties?
Frances Doherty Shaw Business College	Sweet as Ever.
Doug Fleming Western	We bet he misses Sarnia.
Murray Phibbs Western	Another scholarship.
Jean Fydell London Normal	Good Morning, dear Teacher.
Mildred Jones Western	Keep up the good work.
James Smith O. A. C	Is it fun?
Marg. Hossie Women's College Hosp. Toronto	You'll make a good nurse.
Greg. Cocks Ridley College	
Kay Glynn Ontario Ladies College	She's still ours.
Field Simpson Queen's	Don't work too hard.
Bettine Russell Alma College	
Shirley Scott Sarnia Business College	
Bob MacDonald St. Michael's College	
Jean Stark Western	Good luck Jean.
David Asbury Western	How is the Course?
Lillian Bell Oueen's	Honours no doubt.
Wes. McDermid O. A. C	Not a farmer surely.
Nadine Miller Chatham Hospital	A wonderful nurse.
Marjorie Allingham London Normal	Do you miss us?
Jack Mackenzie Galt Aeronautics School	
Isobel McCrae Western	Beware of those sophomores!
Art Elliot Sarnia Business College	

Donald Gordon	Western	How are the studies?
Florence Benson	Children's Hospital, Toronto -	"Oh vou sweet little girl!"
Evelyn O'Neil	Hamilton Gen. Hospietl	Oh! My feet!
Clark Wise	Queen's	As wise as ever.
Agnes Hutcheson	Sarnia Business College	How does it compare with us?
Ken Coleman	McGill	Good luck, McGill!
Dorothy Scarrow	Sarnia Business College	S.B.C. gets them all.
Bill Kirk	Western	How do you like London gals?
Pauline Sayers	Sarnia Business College	Is it fun?

# The Graduates Who Are Putting Their S. C. I. Training into Practice

Maude Marris N	Married	Is it easier than Algebra?
	Married	Can you cook?
	Married	Do you miss skipping?
	Grocery Store	Do you miss skipping:
	Or. Tutt's Office	Yes, doctor.
	Army	We're in the army now.
	Navy	Anchors away my boy.
	Erd. Marshall's	What beautiful suits!
	W. B. Clarke's	3 yds. @ 50c is \$1.70 please.
	ngersoll's Drug Store	Drums or drugs?
Bill Moran R	Royal Bank, Wallaceburg	
	Wier's Law Office	Does your Algebra help you?
,	Married	Take a letter, please.
	Army	Best Wishes, Mrs. Hodgins. Do you miss the S.C.I.?
	NI . I IA	The service is excellent.
3	Army	He'll soon be a colonel.
	<b>*</b> •	Is it easier than school?
	T	Working Hard?
	Nuto Lite Office	How do you like it?
		Hello Thelma!
	army	Do you miss typing.
	mperial Oil	Pay day—Happy Day.
June Ellenor P	Purity Dairy Bar	Can you serve a milk-shake.
		Efficient is her name.
		Just another test tube.
Annie Pratt Pr		How's Business?
		It won't be long now, eh!
		May I help you?
1	Valker Bros	It fits you perfectly.
	IcCanless' Drug Store	Still pedalling a bicycle?
		Congratulations.
_ 44 4		Sew those seams straight.
		Still sports.
	mperial Office	120 words a minute.
	ost Office	Congratulations.
Mary Dionne W	Voolworth's	A million dollar Baby —
	Iueller's Office	The perfect secretary.
	mperial Lab.	Test this, please.
Charles Finlay In	nperial Lab.	Is it explosive?
Kenneth Walter In		Just another sample.
		Don't work too hard.
June Delderfield W	Voolworth's	A pleasing personality.
		Wood and more wood!

Hazel Garnham	Doctor's Office, Aylmer	Doctor is busy—please wait.
Ivan Clvdesdale	Imperial Lab	Good luck to you.
Eugene Cares	Royal Bank of Canada	He's in the money!
Bill Burleigh	King Milling Co	In the dough!
Joe Brown	Sobies	A perfect gentleman.
Dale Pringle	Imperial Oil	Is this sample O.K.?
	Helen Shop	
Mary Hutchinson	Zellers'	We haven't your size.
Walker Humphrey	Imperial Oil	Don't work too hard.
	Clarke's China Shop	
	Auto Lite	
	Men's Clothing	
	Bank of Montreal	
	Observer Office	
Norma Johnston	Grocery Store	Watch that sugar!
	Hospital Office	
Nola Fraser	Gray & McCrie	"Can I help you?"
Russell McGerr	Chester's Ins. Office	Any bargains?
Willard Graham	Imperial Oil	Beats an oil drum now.

## Employers, These '39 Grads, are, as far as we know now, at Home

Ilene Clements, John Clarke, Mary East, Hilda Root, Vivian Hanmore, Thelma Ellenor, Donald Finnegan, Herb Dickenson, Eva Davidson, Betty Callum, Thelma Ross, Helen Heller, Eleanor Southcombe, Myrtle Reese, Eloise Johnson, Ilene Kearney, David Knudsen, Joseph Koval, Helen Smith, Evelyn Strevel, Bob Doucher, Doris Kremer, Kay Heslop, Helen Gallie, Winnifred Willock, Nora Baker, Dorothy Haley, Mary Cooper, Dean Johnston, Sam McKelvie, Howard Hathaway, Marelyn Mavity, Jessie Riddock, Jessie Leckie, Marion MacKinlay, Pauline McCrie, Alice McKeown, Gale Bolton, Marion Mara, Helen Matthews, Grace Needham, Flora Newell, Lorraine Parsons, Marjorie Baker, Marion Marshall, Jack McPhee, Berkley McDermid, Anne MacDonald, John Phillips, Blanche Timmington, Edith Towns, William Andrews, Robert Marsh, Victor Cronin, Ruth Lawson.



## SCHOOL LOG (CONTINUED)

- 26 Ingersoll completes first drafting project of term.
- 28 Glee Club, after concentrating on songs for Annual Antics for several weeks, resumes work on its forthcoming operetta
- 29 Announcement that Juniors win district basketball title.
- March 1 Shortly after the opening of school a speaker from the Music and Drama Association went to the classrooms to outline their coming play, and to announce that their artist for that evening, Miss Anne Jamieson, had consented to give a short concert for the students. In the afternoon Mr. Asbury distributed
- tickets to her evening concert to students particularly interested. These showed their appreciation by the excellent attention.
- 5 The students enjoyed the play "The Good Companions," which was vastly different from any previous production.
- 6 London Central eliminates Juniors from Wossa.
- 11 Seniors see 15 points to overcome to defeat London Technical.
- 13 Seniors defeat London Technical but are unable to overcome previous defeat.
- 20 Interform basketball winners announced.

ERNEST E. WESTON, 3-D.



DATE! (Is It?)

Price 3 Scents

# MISSING STUDENT LOCATED

## SEARCHING PARTY ORGANIZED

SARNIA, Dec. 28, 1939 —

On the nite of the Annual school At Home, 1939, one of the greatest mysteries of all times was solved by the super detective force of the S. C. I.

As a lull fell over the gym-

nasium someone looked around, surprised at the comparative quiet, and asked, "Where's Farner?" Then began a thorough search throughout the entire building. Every nook and cranny was peered into for some clue to the whereabout of the missing Mr. Farner and his date. Even the lockers, which as usually were carelessly left open, were examined. This investigation usually rewarded the detective by a pile of books falling on his head. As the cuper detective mounted the stairs to the second floor, a strange, blood-curdling sound was heard issuing from the Assembly Hall. searchers were paralyzed with fear. Cautiously they approached the hall, opened the locked doors, and found Goo and Mary, the former laughing, which accounted for the gruesome sound mentioned above. (Flash-Mary came from Port Huron - Wow!) The memorable

#### **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

Miss Frieda Barclay takes this opportunity to announce the opening of her new barber shop, specializing in irregular hair lines and jagged edges. For further information consult her model, Miss Genevieve Taylor.

After constant rehearsals in the Physics and Geometry classes, Aiken plans to give a vocal concert in the near future.

Mr. O'Donohue will hold gym classes before long after school. This is to develop the muscles of our weaker students who will bo given their muscles after the tenth lesson. All work guaranteed.

search was at an end.

In a private interview, exclusive to the reporter of the "Vacuum Cleaner," Mr. Farner stated, quote, "Shucks, fellers, 'twarn't nothing, the girl was from out of town. had to show her around the school didn't I?" unquote.

(Seems to us she wouldn't be able to see much of the A. H. in the darkness, Goo.)

## TODAY'S SOB STORY

March 25, 1940.

Strange as it seems, the person most affected by the dropping of the stagger system was not a member of the S. C. I., but a local sportsman and business man.

In an interview with this man, who for years has carried on a barber shop and recreation centre not far from the campus, our star reporter discovered that the stopping of the stagger system at our beloved school has caused drastic results where you would least im-

agine.
"During the last two years,"
when quesstated Mr. Bonner, when questioned, "my business prospered considerably, thanks to the efforts of many students, such as Dowding, Johnson, Thorpe, Knight and others, who left school early in order to visit my establishment and refresh their weary brains with a little sport. Business was getting better all the time, and I was even considering putting in another snooker-table. I had visions of pool tournaments in the afternoons, but now my dreams are completely shattered."
"Shattered?" questioned our re-

porter.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bonner, "business is not what it used to If billiards are ever to re-

gain their place in the student life of this city, the former stagger system MUST be restored."

The interview having been completed, after playing a game of 'black-jack'' with Forbes, our reporter left, feeling in his heart, as I am sure we all do, that fate has been unkind to Mr. Bonner.

## CAMPUS CUT-UPS

By James Violin

We saw Jean Sharpe at school one afternoon. That must be the first matinee she's missed this

One day recently in Physics, Milne actually answered a ques-

This source thinks that within a short period of 500 years Marvin Lumby will be a glamour boy.

"Windy" Williams of T3 has set a new record for himself. He has gone through the entire year without once losing consciousness. (Remember St. Thomas, Bill?)

"Doc" is learning so much about basketball that we believe he will soon be coaching the teams. Oh well boys, I guess we'll just have to grin and Barrett.

Any one interested in obtaining a full set of "Dime Thrillers" please get in touch with any first former.

I wonder what the big attraction is in the gallery during Assembly that interests Maidment and Quinn so much?

## ORCHIDS TO-

- —Those girls who are wearing knee socks.
- —Fred Daws for nothing in particular, everything in general.
- —Shirl Kirkland for being one of the cutest "queens" we've ever had.
- —Whoever it was that sent Stewie Carson a certain valentine.
- —Mr. Andrews for calling Red Anderson a monkey.
- -Mr. Rogin for increasing activity in basketball circles.
- -The stagehands, the cogs in the wheel behind Annual Antics.

## ARE YOU

TOO TALL?

Are You Worried by this Condition? IF SO

> TRY CRISCO (It's Shortening)

# TRAIN"

In case you're a stranger or you don't know what's around the school this editorial will set you straight.

On our tour, we entered the school by the west side door and round Miss Burriss telling Com. 4 about Charles G. D. Roberts' birthday party which she attended. Here also we found Bert Watson reclining in his seat surrounded by many beautiful young ladies. Lucky lad! As we proceeded down the hall we caught the sound of music (?) coming from 104. Approaching closer, we found Mr. Sperling TRY1NG to teach the First Form studes the scales. Leaving them we went up the end stairs and walked towards the office.

Here we saw Mary Stirrett, late as usual, coming out with her late slip. (Mary is trying to break Killer Keelan's record, we hear). We pricked up our ears as we heard more singing. Surely, that couldn't be "The Little Red Fox" we heard; but it was. We could hear the resounding echoes of "N'ya! N'ya! N'ya! said the little coming from the Assembly fox Hall and upon entering we found Mr. Asbury and the staff to say nothing of the student body hugely enjoying themselves singing that popular ditty. Walking on we met two young lads wearing their jackets and gloves. No, they weren't skipping, it was just Ed and Stewie who were a little cold! (imagine that!)

On third floor we found Mr. Andrews and Morey O'Laughlin still trying for the debating club in the Algebra period. Good luck! In 309 we saw Miss we saw Miss Walker in one of her new spring creations walking back and forth in front of the class trying to find some one wearing a sweater the right shade to illustrate a colour unknown to some uneducated lad. Next door to Miss Walker we saw Mr. Langan surrounded by a crowd who were congratulating him on the good news. (P. S. It was a girl.) In 314 we found Mr. Dennis vainly trying to collect the notes due him and next door Mr. Treitz struggling with the attendance of the class in 315 and trying to keep order in 316.

As we walked down the hall, the 11.55 bell rang and we hastily left the school before we were mowed down by the noon hour rush.

Mr. Dennis: What is hail? Wise one: Please, sir, it's hardboiled rain.

# "I TOOK A TRIP ON A SHORT, SHORT STORY

I stood outside the door of that dreaded room and tried to gain control of myself. The merry laughter of the people who passed me on all sides only served to make my head whirl and my jellyfish legs practically collapse under I moved closer to the wall and leaned against it for support. As the noise in the great passageway began to disappear, I straightened up, threw back my head, and by a supreme effort kept my knees from knocking together long enough to walk into Latin class without having my Virgil pre-

# SOME OF THE MISGUIDED THINK

A stoogent is one who attends school sometimes and studies like-

Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.

A miracle is a woman who won't

Tresses are articles of clothing worn by she-males.

Gnaw is an American slang word meaning the opposite of yes.

Composure is one who composes something.

A woman is a thing of beauty and a jaw forever.

The feminine of bachelor is lady-in-waiting.

A rugby coach has four wheels.

Guerilla warfare means they are up to their monkey tricks again.

Fasces are countenances.

Pharmacy is a course in farming to be had at universities.

A squab is an Indian's wife.

Cinnamon is an English word for "movie theatre."

J. Thorpe wishes it to be known that the knitting found in Mr. Johnston's room the other day was not his property.

## **RUGBY TEAM'S** THEME SONG

Early to bed Early to rise, And your girl goes out With other guys.

# A LIFETIME

Miss Joan Dauphinee goggling and awe stricken freshette of ye learned halls has at last been checked. In order that the work for the year may be covered in the allotted time, she has been limited to asking only three questions per period. Can't talk, eh?

It was approximately 11.40 a.m. half way through a Friday morning physics class. A tempting but disturbing aroma of coffee (eminating from coffe grounds blanketing the floor) reminded several of the studious "physicists" that a light snack might not be out of order. Whereupon sandwiches, celery and cookies were distributed in charitable fashion and downed in full view of a belt-tightening audience.

"Stalin" Teskey suave character actor of Annual Antics found himself suspended duty, for a brief chastisement by Mr. Asbury, on a complaint from Bob Andrew. Upon bein interviewed "Scoop" stated — Upon being didn't mind the pipe so much but at least he might have filled it with Kentucky Club tobacco in-stead of smoking the weed used by the school to cover the rose bushes out in front."

## IT HAPPENS ONCE IN THE LOVE LETTER OF A CHEMIST

Dearest little molecule:

O my dear, I long for the sight of your crystal clear face with every atom of my soul. your image before my eyes. Your figure as magnetic as iron filings, your skin as white as marble chips, your hair-a luscious tomato-juice filtrate, your merucuric red lips, and your eves - - ah - - - two pools of copper sulphate solution.

I bid you adieu, feeling that nothing can ever dissolve our love.

Everlastingly yours,

Percy.

#### **CLASSYFIDE ADS**

LOST-The original Mary Stirrett. Finder please return the old "Streamy."

LOST—All the feminine hearts of the S. C. I. to a certain violinist teacher.

FOUND—At long last, Mr. Asbury has found Bert Watson.

FOUND—A two dollar bill on first floor. Owners please form line to right of the of-

FOUND—By Marg McEachan, "At Long Last Love."

## ROMANCE IN SWING

One night in INDIAN SUM-MER, MARIE, BILLY and JOHNNY were SOUTH OF THE BORDER, wandering down a LITTLE STREET IN SINGA-PORE. IN THE MIDNIGHT BLUE they saw STARDUST and BLUEBIRDS IN THE MOON-LIGHT and next they found TWO BLUE ORCHIDS.

"Oh my HEART AND SOUL," on my HEART AND SOUL, said MARIE, STUTTERING IN THE STARLIGHT, THIS CHANGING WORLD has me FIT TO BE TIED. I must be a SCATTERDRDAIN."

SCATTERBRAIN."
"You're just CARELESS," said
JOHNNY, "although I call you JOHNNY, "although I call you a SWEET LITTLE HEADACHE you're such a CHATTERBOX.'

"I'm in a DANCING MOOD," said MARIE, "Let's go down to TUXEDO JUNCTION and BE-GIN THE BEGUINE."

"Sorry," said BILLY, "but I'VE DT A DATE WITH AN GOT ANGEL, named LIZA at ABOUT A OUARTER TO NINE, IN AN OLD DUTCH GARDEN, 50 must say GOODY GOOD-BYE."

Oh what keeps the collegiate boy From breaking under the strain Oh what keeps the collegiate boy From becoming insane; Oh what keeps the collegiate boy From softening in the brain; Nothing!

## FOUR STAR MOVIES OF THE MONTH

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK	Starrin	g Jack Oliver.
THE WOMEN	,,	Sophista Cadettas
HERE I AM A STRANGER	,,	Betty Hoover
THE ROARING TWENTIES	,,	Alex Bedard
DRESS PARADE	,,	Shirley Jenkyn
GONE WITH THE WIND	"	The Miseners
SHOP AROUND THE CORNER	,,	Bonner's
THE AWFUL TRUTH	,,	Mr. Asbury.
ON YOUR TOES	,,	Girls' Athletic Associatio
THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS	,,	The Sodalitas
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG	,,	Miss Martin
DISPUTED PASSAGE	,,	Main floor Hallway
BABES IN ARMS	,,	First Formers
GOLDEN BOY	,,	Mr. Rogin
THE CAT & THE CANARY	,,	Ginny Dodds and Made
		line Pringle.
FIRST LOVE	,,	Trusler and Pat (?).

## THE MODEL BOY OF THE S.C.I. WOULD HAVE

Personality	of	Ed Hueston
Smile	,,	Lyle Goring
Clothes	"	Bill Hueston
Eves	"	Mr. Langan
Physique	,,,	Fred Daws
Friendliness	"	Del Mott
Hair		Jack Oliver
Wittiness	"	Ross Glenn
Dancing Ability	"	Jack Kirk
Athletic Ability	,,	Johnny Forbes

## WE WONDER

- -Why Alex Bedard is always wanting to hitch-hike to Wind-
- -How Mr. Treitz's crayfish became inebriated - eh Morey?
- -If Marg. McEachan has at last made up her mind who it will
- -Why Hampton and Jarvis prefer slippers for school instead of the customary shoes?
- —What it is about the S. C. I. that gets Ikey?
- —Why it takes Doug Aiken four years to get up enough nerve to make a date? (What do you think, Jenny?)
- —Why Mr. Fullerton keeps that joke book in his desk.

## S.C.I. PET AVERSIONS

Girls with pigtails. Homework Catty students. Female visitors from Pt. Huron. Remarks from the boys about knee socks. Late detentions. Sousa's marches in Assembly.

# DON'T TELL A SOUL I SAID THIS BUT - - -

There's a certain young blonde in 3rd form who sure does like to slap faces. Better watch out, Buddy, some day the victim might forget he's a gentleman.

One of our well-known menabout-town who teaches fifth form Physics has lately been enjoying all the thrills of a second childhood. I wonder just how good he is with those marbles? How about a game after four sometime, Mr. Andrews?

Miss Harris considers the boys of today as utterly impossible, immodest, and above all, indecent. Better pull up those socks and hide your bare legs. Church!

One of the female members of 3C was thrilled to no end when her telephone rang and Thorpe was on the other end of the wire. (How about it, Rowena?)

Many of our local students participate in rousing games of "spin the bottle" nowadays, down at Ivan's

Trusler has made his debut into the world of society, mostly women. All aboard for Corunna!

## **CONFUCIUS SAY**

People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

He who manufactures tires lives on the flat of the land.

A blotter is something you spend your time looking for while the ink is drying.

He who skip school one afternoon remain in school late many afternoon.

Even dumbest girl has bride ideas.

Getting up early is the triumph of mind over mattress.

The dew point is reached two weeks after securing a library book.

Born leaders of men—women. A kiss is an isthmus joining two main bodies.

## SPECIAL NEWS TO THE CLEANER

Miss Burriss is still hot on the trail of the three members of 2B who sign their names C. Gull, Dan Druff, and Tommy Hawk in a spare over which she presides.

## THE MODEL GIRL OF THE S.C.I. WOULD HAVE

Personality	of	Lorna Dauphinee
Smile	22	Ella Cruickshank
Clothes	> 2	Louise Prangley
Eyes		Marj. Cooper
Figure		Lila Hutchinson
Friendliness	22	Ilene Sproule
Hair	,,	Marg. Allingham
Wittiness	22	Teddy Kee
Dancing Ability	,,	Evie Hall
Skating Ability	,,	Shirley Kirkland
Skating Ability	,,	Shirley Kirkland

## V-A

A is for Anderson who LOOKS meek and mild, And Alice and Anne, who never get riled; B's for Bedard, piano's his pride, And Bett, our blonde, who's not peroxide! C is for Cooper, our humorist fair, D is for Doris with tallness to spare. E's Edith an Ellen - they fit in the rhyme, And F is for Freele, who's never on time. G is for Grace who's quiet and neat, H is for Higgins, his tennor's SO sweet! I is for me, who's writing this ditty, J is for Jean — she's short — what a pity. L is for Langan, a buddy of Higgins, And also Lenore, who brightens the diggin's. M's for McDonald - he'd argue all day, And also for Marg and Marcella Coté. N is for nothing — but that's pretty thin; O is O'Laughlin — that big Irish grin! P is for Poland - professor he'll be; And also for Patsy — a midget, but pretty. R is for Ramsden — he'd make an orator, And Richardson, too, our famous debater. S is for Scales — his sarcasm's neat; T is for Tyrie, her brains are a treat! Alas and alack — the farther I' roam There's no x, y,'s and z's to finish this poem.

I. BROWNE.

## WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:-

Hugh Bolton knew his History.
Bill Higgins asked a sensible question.
There wasn't any Del's.
Mr. Treitz cracked a good joke .
Doris Craig lost her voice.
Morey O'Laughlin became timid.
There was a law against girls' dances.
There weren't any boys sitting on the Gallery steps.
William Marvin Lumby lost his laugh.
Farmer Goodall stayed away from Bunyan.
Ginny Dodds went for one whole day without once mentioning Dick.
Marj. Pelling acted unlady-like.
Mad Dauphinee was in a bad mood.

#### WARNING TO GIRLS:

- 1. Keep away from track men. They are usually fast.
- Never make dates with biology students: they enjoy cutting up too much.
- 3. Watch out for the baseball player: he hits and runs.
- 4. Be careful of an actor: he usually has several good lines.
- Always let the member of a band talk about himself: he enjoys blowing his own horn.

#### POEM

Beneath the moon he told his love, The colour left her cheeks; But on the shoulder of his coat, It showed up plain for weeks.

> Ye Old Barber Shoppe BOWLING A SPECIALTY DURING ALTERATIONS PATRONS WILL BE SHAVED IN THE BACK

NAME	ALIAS	CHIEF WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
R. Johnston	"Ruthie"	Wally	Teacher	Bubble dancer	Oh, dear.
C. Thompson	"Camie"	Permanents	Soldier	Mamma	I don't know.
A. Howard	"Annie"	Society	Won't say	Slums	Did I show you his picture?
B. Pearson	"Bill"	Strrett's	Second Rob't. Taylor	Street Cleaner	This is Killing me.
H. Nicholson	"Nick"	Coiffures	Stylist	Huntley	Gosh!
B. Kampton	"Bert"	Dances	An orchestra	A dime a dance proprietor	That's the stuff!
P. Laws	"Patsy"	New Skirts	To pass	2nd form	Оһһһһ
H. Dowding	"Holga"	Brunettes	Man about town	Hermit	*:
B. Sleeth	"Belva"	Joe	Joe	Joe	Joe.
R. LeSueur	"Rob"	Studying	Debater	Fen-pecked husband	Mr. Chairman · · ·
B. Pontefract	"Bctty"	Neil	Fancy skater	Curling Rink	That's cute.
B. Mackenzie	"Cutie"	Esquire Clothes	Bachelor	Marriage	Let's have a jam session.
M. Shaw	"Marg"	Boys	Stop giggling	Purity Dairy Bar	Nice goin'.
D. Barclay	"Don"	Haunting Frieda	Grow up	Sweet 16	These women drivers!
D. Aiken	"Dougie"	His pipe	R. C. A. F.	Fourth form	Bless you.
M. Stirrett	"Streamy"	Knee Socks	Gym teacher	Inertia	Wait 'till I ask Mother
S. Carson	"Red"	Port Huron	Eligible bachelor	Censored	Have you heard the latest?
L. Dauphinee	"Dauph"	Folk Dancing	Wool Shop	Snake charmer	Oh, I don't know.
H. Farner	"Goo"	Correspondence	Change his name	A harem	Whoooooo
B. Stewart	"Betty"	Black Hair	New Year's Eve Party	Daddy's Girl	Helen
B. Higgins	"Muscles"	Girls	O. R. F. U.	Water boy	St. Pat's.
J. Kee	"Alice"	Make-up	Sophistication	Small fry	Oh certainly.
M. O'Laughlin	"Morey"	Wise Cracks	Mr. Andrew's assistant	Crib Salesman	Well, for
M. North	"Marj"	Double Trouble	Very private Secretary	Bigamy	Oh Jimmy.
J. Langan	"Jerry"	1. Redmond Langan	To sing	Sleeping Sickness	Hi, listen!

## **JOKES**

Some are old, and some are new, They'll make you laugh, or say "Peew!"

Teacher: I hope I didn't see you looking on that next boy's paper, Goodall.

"Farmer": I hope you didn't either, sir.

Mother: Are you kissing that young man, Margaret?

Mar. M.: No Mother. I'm only brushing my teeth on his moustache.

Barrett: What do bees do with their honey?

Bannister: Cell it.

Dave: Will you marry me? Peggy: Do I look like a minister.

Langan: Say, will this photo be anything like me?

Photographer: Sure, but we can't alter that.

Higgins is so absent-minded that yesterday he threw himself in the basket and put his gum on the seat.

A cop came up to a young couple in a parked car. Cop: Caught you this time. What's your names?

He: Ben Necken. She: Anne Howe.

Some are old, and some are new, They'll make you laugh, or say "Peew!"

## MODERN VERSION

When she was good she was very, very good, but when she was bad she was popular.

CYCLE OF JOKES

Birth: A Middle School wit thinks it up and laughs aloud, waking up two fifth formers in the back seats.

Age five minutes: Tells it to a senior who answers, "It's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age one day: Senior turns it into school magazine, as his own. Age two days: Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age ten days: An editor has to fill the magazine, joke is printed.
Age one month: Thirteen other

school magazines reprint it.

Age ten years: Eighty-three radio comedians discover it simultaneously and tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from the boys in the orchestra (\$5.00) a howl.)

Age 100: Teachers start telling it in class.

Marj. C.: What's a bore?
Marg M.: Oh, a man who doesn't talk to us about ourselves."

At a recent questionnaire given to college girls 97% admitted they necked. Only 3% lied about it.

Mr. Asbury: Look here, I won't have this. Do you think I'm a fool. New student: I'm sure I can't say sir. I' only came here yester-

dav.

Carson: I worked the question six times.

Mr. Mendizabal: Fine. Stewie. Here are the six answers.

#### GROWING PAINS

High school youngsters Often impress One of doing little But adolesce. Photographer: Do you want a large or small picture.

Goring: A small one.

Photog: Then close your mouth.

Miss Walker: What is the most common impediment in the speech of a student.

Miss Martin: Chewing gum.

Willie (To Izzy at a dance): Your eyes are intoxicating. Izzy: It must be the eye balls.

Hampton: Do you remember that gorge at Niagara? Kee: Sure thing, that was the best feed I've ever had.

Morey: Laugh and the class laughs with you. Mr. Andrews: But you stay after

Mr. Andrews: But you stay after school alone.

Anne Jamieson: Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?

Lorna: That's a deaf and dumb mute with the hiccoughs.

Mr. Langan: Mott, surely you know the meaning of petty, you know, petty cash.

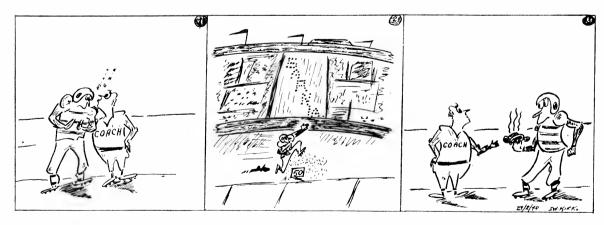
Del: Sure, I know, allowance.

Heard in the hall one p.m.— Heads we go to a show,

Tails we go skating, If coin stands on its end we stay home and do our homework.

Kee: Have you a blind date tonight?

Hampton: No, just a little crosseyed.



Referee: Can you prove he hit

Don Hamilton: (displaying black eye): Here's an eye-witness.

You can only fool some of the people half of the time, because the other half, they're trying to fool you.

A divinity student named Tweedle, At one time refused his degree, Said he, "'Tis enough to be Tweedle, Without being Tweedle, D.D."

Miss Harris: Paton, for what was Louis XIV chiefly responsible? Pete: Louis XV.

Miss King: Kee, quit spitting out of the window.

Ross: What's the difference, it's raining anyway.

Good-looking teacher: Are you doing anything tonight, Miss Jackson.

Betty (hopefully): No, not a

Teacher: Then try to be on time tomorrow.

Eugene Cares: I want your daughter for my wife.

Mr. Dennis: Let's see you wife, it may be a fair exchange.

Shirl: Oh, Claire, there's a man following me and I think he's drunk.

Thayne: Yeah, he must be.

This sign was found in front of a junk store beside a railway crossing:

Go ahead: take a chance. We'll buy the car.

Aikens: Do you approve of tight skirts?

Forbes: No, I think women should leave liquor alone.

I know a fellow who loved his girl so much he worshipped the very ground - her father discovered oil on.

Mrs. Ritchie: And what shall I get if I cook you a meal like that every day?

Mr. Ritchie: My life insurance.

Miss Walker: Now class, what is a false doctrine?

Knight: Oh, I know - bad medicine.

It's fair enough. The bride gets the showers before hand but later on the groom gets thunder.

Miss Walker; Use archaic in a sentence.

Jean Naylor: We can't have archaic and eat it too.

You send your collars to the laundry to be cleaned - and they sharpen them.

Mr. Treitz: Hydrogen sulphide is very stable.

Richardson: Sure smells like it.

'Tis better to have loved and lost Than to have won and now be bossed.

I do not say that I was ever called plain, but I have the sort of face that bores me when I see it on other people.

Peggy Welsh: Did anybody ever tell you, you were wonderful?

Doug Pole: No.
Peggy: Then where did you get
the idea?

A person who takes the worst possible view of everything is either a pessimist or an amateur photographer.

There was a tap on the door. He rose and turned it off.

He: Would you scream if I kissed you, little girl?

She: Little girls should be seen and not heard.

A red-haired boy applied for a job in a butcher shop.
"Three dollars a week.

can you dress a chicken. "Not on \$3 a week."

Jack Kirk: Would you like to dance miss?

Girl: Sure. Kirk: Well, go right ahead.

Kennedy: Gee Pa, I'm a big shot at school.

Mr. K.: Then why don't I hear better reports.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow; "Not so good. "I've got ants in my plants."

Girls are like street cars-there's always another coming along.

4-C Physics Class Yell - "Up and Atom.'

Mrs. Pole: Another bite like that and you will leave the table. Doug: Another bite like that and I'll be through.

Ikey Ingersoll entered Woolvorth's and stepped on the scales. The card immediately shot out of the slot. It read: "One at a time,

Oh dear, I've missed you so much! . . . and she raised her re-volver and tried again.

Mady: Is it really lucky to have a black cat follow you? Adele: Well, it all depends if

you are a man or a mouse.

Dowding: My hair is full of

Mitchell: Well, it's connected to a dry cell.

Most girls think that a secret is something you tell one person at a time.

The man who stays on the straight and narrow path seldom sees any curves.

Mr. Mendizabal: "Be careful with that gun, you idiot, you just

missed me."
Goring: "Oh, I'm sorry."

He flunked in Physics, failed in Math,

We hear him sadly hiss. 'I'd like to choke the guy who said That ignorance is bliss."

Bea D.: Is there any alcohol in cider? Nora: Inside who?

Miss Harris: For what are the Phoenicians famous? Edie Macdonald: Blinds.

Then there was the burglar's son whose only ambition was to follow in his father's fingerprints.

Miss Harris: Kirby, what is the "Order of the Bath."

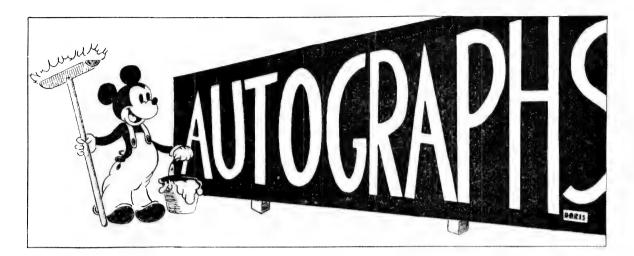
Dick: Pa first, then ma, then us kids and the maid last.

Sutherby: The thermometer has fallen, Mr. Dennis. Mr. Dennis: How much? Jim: About five feet.

Thompson: Last night I had an awful pain in my arm. Freele: Who was she?

Mr. Logan: I'll see you tonight. Jane Beasley: I'm sorry. I have another date.

Mr. Watson, (in history class): We'll have a test tomorrow. haven't had one since the capture of Quebec.



#### THE COLLEGIATE

# THE SARNIA BOARD OF EDUCATION

and its

#### ADVISORY VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

Are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of greeting the 1940 "Collegiate" Magazine Staff and also all the readers of this publication.

#### TO THE EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF

they extend hearty congratulations on the successful issue of this excellent school magazine.

#### TO THE STUDENTS OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.

they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for success in the year's work.

#### TO THE TEACHING STAFF

they desire to extend an expression of confidence and appreciation.

#### TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

they wish to point out the facilities for day and evening class instruction provided by the Collegiate and Technical School. Day classes in academic, commercial and technical courses are open to all girls and boys of Sarnia and vicinity who are able and willing to undertake the work. Evening classes at nominal cost are available in many vocational subjects. Detailed announcement regarding next season's classes should be looked for in September.

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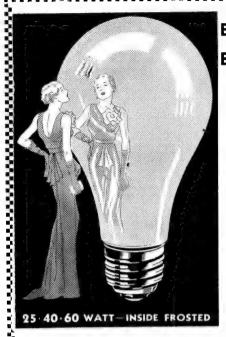
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# BETTER LIGHT HYDRO

DO YOU KNOW...

THAT one quarter of our young people suffer from defective vision?

THAT three-quarters of all people over fifty suffer from defective vision?

THAT ninety-five percent of all people over sixty have defective eye-sight?

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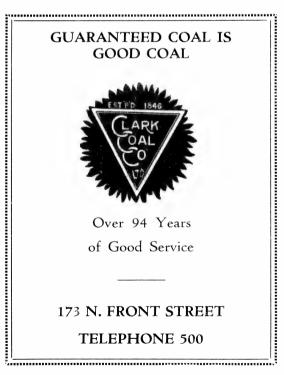
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A 3rd former went into the barber's shop. He climbed into the chair and then the barber took a look at his sleek hair and said:

"Which do you want, your hair cut or your oil changed."





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Bob: Yes and what's more, what I do for a living takes plenty of guts.

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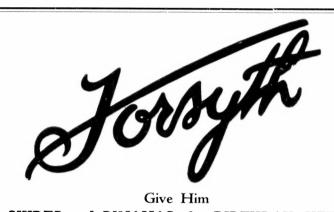
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Mr. Barclay: Daugher, I don't mind your boy friend smoking my cigars, but I do object to his taking the morning paper when he says good-night.



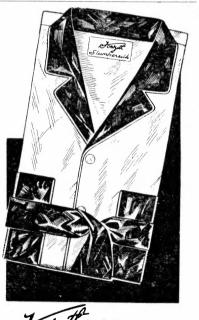
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-MAKERS OF-

The Famous Sifto Salt

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